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HARD WORDS ABOUT PEDAGOGY.

Sound sense and piquant comment are combined in about equal measure in a paper entitled "Pedagogy and the Teacher," contributed to the New York "Evening Post" by Dr. Warner Fite. It is indeed refreshing to come across so sane and illuminating a discussion of first principles in the field of pedagogical literature—a field whose desert expanse is only now and then relieved by an oasis of clean-cut thought and stimulating suggestion. The author makes no bones of this aspect of his subject.

> "If we except a few excellect works on the history of education, it may be said that the literature of pedagogy as a science has contributed virtually nothing either to scholarship or to ideas. This is not to deny that a few men of ideas who were getting them elsewhere have had something good to say. Curiously enough, these occasional and unprofessional contributions to the subject are apt to be the most prized. Within the professional field, however, there are no men to measure with the larger men of other fields, and, with two or three respectable, but not brilliant, exceptions, the whole literature is banal and inane."

Those who have the widest acquaintance with this literature will acquiesce the most heartily in this judgment, for they are the ones who know most fully what vaporings masquerade as profound philosophy in this twilight realm of thought, and what solemn platitudes are here elaborated for the guidance of young men and women who are preparing themselves for the work of teaching.

The modern science of pedagogy, as exemplified in its literature and in its practical applications, is little more than a pretentious humbug that has grown like an excrescence upon our body educational. Its practitioners have "stolen the scraps" from the feast of learning—scraps of philosophy and psychology for the most part—and have warmed them over into a new dish at which the normal stomach revolts. The fare is filling, no doubt, but innutritious, and those who feed upon it for long periods find their tissues grown flabby and their blood supplied with a plentiful lack of red corpuscles. Their minds come to inhabit a world of abstractions in which little account is taken of the facts of life, and when they imagine that they are thinking they are really engaged in a process as futile as a cat's pursuit of its own tail. They are the victims of a system which has done its

best to deaden their faculties, and the only saving thing about their plight is that, when the time comes for them to engage in the work for which they have supposed themselves to be preparing, they are still young enough for nature to come to the partial rescue of their devitalized mentality. If they can slough off the greater part of their forced pedagogical growths, and if they have the good sense to cast aside nearly everything in the way of method and syllabus and formulary with which they have been fitted out in the "school of education," it is still possible for them, despite the handicap, to grow into good teachers. But what a waste there has been in the making, and how much easier they might achieve success had they given to liberal culture the years that they gave to "professional" preparation! For it is the ordered content of the mind that counts in this work, and not the construction of the containing vessel; it is not the formal but the substantial equipment of the teacher that makes him a vitalizing influence upon youthful minds.

But the system is now in the saddle, and rides mankind, or such part of mankind as is required for educational service. The authorities have contrived to fix things so that it is difficult for anyone to get into educational work without having paid tribute to the established pedagocracy.

"Early in the era of academic expansion it was perceived that a rich and permanent source for the numbers that are supposed to attract endowments and appropriations lay in the prospective teachers; and today it may be said that an important part of the work of all of our universities, and the mainstay of the Western institutions, is the training of teachers for the secondary schools. To bring the teachers to the university, a department of education is established which offers to furnish professional training upon a scientific basis."

This is the milk in the cocoanut, for, as Dr. Fite remarks, the condition upon which young men and women may be pronounced fitted for teaching is that they "associate with the professors of pedagogy" for a stated number of weeks, and "listen to their wisdom regarding its science of education." But a certificate of mere educational success, such as the degree of bachelor of arts, "will produce no fitness whatever — except as it covers the requirement of pedagogy." So profitable a source of revenue, once tapped by the schools of higher education, is not likely to be given up save upon compulsion, and in consequence of an awakening of general intelligence of which the present trend of educational development gives only faint promise. And yet the writer does not seem to indulge in over-statement when he says:

"I believe that, if released from the obligations of professional courtesy, a nine-tenths vote of our college professors would support me in saying that, as a rule, the professors of education are the least educated men in the university faculty, from the standpoint either of general culture or of special attainment. I say, 'as a rule,' because there are exceptions; they, however, would vote with the nine-tenths."

Concerning the actual workings of "pedagogy as she is practised" in the institutions which prepare teachers for their profession, these sober and deliberate words may well be taken to heart:

"The idea of vocational training, already too prominent, is substituted for that of intellectual discipline and personal culture, and vocational training is then translated into job-getting. At the same time a class of students is brought to the university to whom 'the idea of a university' is foreign and unintelligible, and perhaps the entrance-bars are lowered to let them in. Often painfully illiterate and deplorably in need of the power of forming a few simple and clear ideas, in spite of the technical completion of a high-school course, these students are then dosed with platitudes about the social function of the school and the aims and methods of education. Such is the general situation. Familiarity with its character would suggest that what the public school teacher especially needs to learn, and what the university is especially called upon to teach him, is just this — that his real efficiency as a teacher, and his ability to speak to his boys and girls from the standpoint of personal and social authority, will depend in the last analysis, not upon any mastery of the 'formal principles of method,' or what not, but upon the soundness and breadth of his knowledge and upon the evidence in himself of a thoughtful attitude towards life. With this idea, however, the pedagogy of the university, as of the normal school, is wholly unfamiliar."

It is a severe indictment, but one which, in our judgment, is firmly based upon the facts of the situation, as well as upon the principles of the only pedagogy from which a fruitful outcome may be expected. The pernicious system at present in vogue is probably, at bottom, the product of economic pressure. Persons who are really fit to teach are worth more than the public is willing to pay them, but there is a certain semblance of fitness that may be cheaply produced, and their production is the final cause of the chair of pedagogy and the school of education of which it is the chief article of furniture. "In the university generally, mention of the department of pedagogy is very likely to be accompanied by a smile. Pedagogical courses are everywhere regarded as snap courses, and pedagogical methods of teaching are usually the worst."

An important feature of the pedagogical curriculum is what is called "educational psychology," since the educational task is necessarily the application of psychological principles

to particular problems. Now psychology is one of the essential elements of liberal culture, and we have not a word to say against it. But just why it should be styled "educational" when used for pedagogical discipline is a good deal of a mystery. Some light is thrown upon it by Dr. Fite's statement that in one institution of which he knows the students distinguish between what they call "the men's psychology" and "the girls' psychology" — the former being the regular courses, and the latter the courses given with vocational intent. There is a world of meaning in this distinction, for a close acquaintance with "the girls' psychology" is likely to show it to be a greatly diluted science, chiefly concerned with what James calls "the unprofitable delineation of the obvious." It has much to say about "apperception" and other blessed words, but its teachings are little more than plain common sense in transparent disguise. This is the reason why the comparison so frequently made between the training of the teacher and the training of the lawyer or the physician fails so completely when we consider it closely. Dr. Fite punctures this false analogy very neatly when he points out that medical and legal science possess "a body of definite facts and established principles which would be unaccessible to trained observation and common sense," whereas the science of education "is mostly a science on paper, hastily got together *ad hoc*, by a process of forced abstraction, to meet the demands of a professional analogy."

The practical conclusion of the whole matter, as Dr. Fite views it, in our opinion with entirely sound judgment, is that, having got our prospective teachers into the university, we should cease feeding them upon the husks of pedagogy, and should oppose at every point the demand of school authorities for the husk-fed product. We believe that the degree won wholly or largely in the "school of education" means less for liberal education than the degree won in regular course, and especially that it means less for teaching efficiency.

"If the university is to be of service to the teacher, then it must be said that no need of the teaching profession is clearer at present than that of a sound and liberal education. So fundamental is this need that the science and art of teaching sink into humorous insignificance. If it be objected that a bachelor of arts is not necessarily acquainted with methods of teaching, the simple reply may that he has been taught for fourteen to sixteen years past by a great variety of methods. It is curious that pedagogy never thinks of this, for just in this way are the good teachers made — by the intelligent adaption of the best methods by which they themselves have been taught."

This seems to us an absolutely unanswerable refutation of the argument upon which the "pedagogical sophistic" is based. It is less by conscious method than by instinctive faculty that the teacher is really successful, and a resort to the former means, for the most part, that the latter has never been acquired.

CASUAL COMMENT.

Absolute criticism of literature is something to be welcomed if it can be shown to rest on sure foundations. Mr. Herbert E. Cory, in a pamphlet entitled "The Critics of Edmund Spenser," issued by the University of California, modestly proposes such a method. It seems to consist of a collation and comparison of past opinions on an author. Variorum criticism might be a more apt name for it. It certainly differs from the impressionistic mode now in vogue, or the older comparative or analytic processes. It results, in Mr. Cory's hands, in bringing together a varied and valuable body of judgments about Spenser, much of which must be unknown except to special students. And, fortunately, Mr. Cory does not halt with the reproduction of other men's thoughts, but gives us some valuable opinions of his own. He has several theses to sustain. The first of these is that Spenser's merits have been on the whole very highly and quite evenly assessed during all the changes of taste since he wrote. The Augustans themselves bowed to his genius. It would have been strange indeed if these great writers had been deaf and blind to his harmonious speech and imaginative pictures. But in opinions about Spenser's allegory and the didactic turn of his poetry there have been many heretics. Against these Mr. Cory couches a lance. Undoubtedly Spenser "moralized his song"; most poets do, in one way or another. But is didacticism the essence of his work? Allegory and parable are undying literary devices. They have been revived of late with much success. But they do not seem to have the vitality of more direct renderings of life. And they are apt to be the parents of platitude. Spenser has enough narrative interest and human nature to keep his work alive — even though we take Hazlitt's advice and decline to meddle with the allegory. The Red Cross Knight, Sir Guyon, Una, Britomart, and Belphœbe are very real and interesting people. They are great poetic creations, and can stand erect without leaning on the staff of symbol. Mr. Cory's study ought to be welcomed, not only for its good sense and good writing, but as the sign of a turning toward *belles lettres* by our university scholars.

* * *

How to economize book-space presents itself daily as a perplexing problem for the librarian of a growing library. The resourceful librarian of Bowdoin College, Mr. George T. Little, in a paper

read before the American Library Institute at its late meeting in New York, September 27 and 28, described a novel scheme that seems to work well in Maine, and ought to prove equally satisfactory elsewhere. Instead of fixed shelves with intervening passages, a part of the Bowdoin bookstacks have closely-contiguous sliding book-cases, with proper aisle space and lighting to admit of their being drawn out one by one as desired. Ball-bearing rollers or wheels, metal rails sunk in the floor, and a guiding slot and T iron at the top, are required for the combined movability and firmness of these novel shelves, whose construction seems to have been suggested to Mr. Little by a notable paper of Mr. Gladstone's in "The Nineteenth Century" for March, 1890, on the housing of books. Other papers and discussions, especially on branch libraries in schoolhouses, engaged the attention of the Institute members in session in New York. The membership of this body, a sort of doubly distilled and highly concentrated American Library Association, now entering on its seventh year, comprises a little more than half a hundred of our leading library workers, with a managing board made up of such well-known librarians as John Cotton Dana, Frank P. Hill, Arthur E. Bostwick, Henry J. Carr, Thomas L. Montgomery, William T. Peoples, and Henry M. Utley.

* * *

The movement for a Freytag memorial of some sort, to adorn his native town of Kreuzburg in Upper Silesia, will appeal to the German-American lovers of that author, and probably also to some Americans with no Teutonic blood in their veins, but with a love of Freytag's books in their hearts. In a call for coöperation in this good work, we are reminded, in sentences unmistakably German even in their English dress, that "Gustav Freytag has, like no other, disclosed the comprehension of national life and feeling. He drew in vigorous pictures the rise of the German people, and the figures in his works preach the knowledge that only German power and a true German spirit are capable of giving a rich meaning even to the brilliant picture of the present." The petition continues: "In the national life of our people will Gustav Freytag ever stand as an admonisher and leader, particularly in the east provinces, whose child he was. For this reason awoke also in his native town Kreuzburg the thought of placing a memorial to their greatest and most renowned son, in order that his spirit may remain alive. In the old German town, which more than six hundred years ago was founded by the Knights of the Red Star and the German colonists, the memorial shall be erected, and in the year 1916, to celebrate the hundredth return of Gustav Freytag's birthday, be unveiled. But for this purpose the support of the more distant circles of the German people is necessary. American subscriptions are requested to be sent to Messrs. Schulz and Ruckgaber, bankers, New York, No. 11 William Street, on credit of Messrs. Eichborn & Co., Breslau."

George Eliot in a new aspect, or in several rather new aspects, is revealed in an unpublished collection of letters lately given to the British Museum by Mr. Roland Stuart, the son of Mrs. Alma Stuart to whom the letters were written by her novelist friend. Some extracts have appeared in the London "Times," from which the following, written in 1879, may be quoted as containing an interesting bit of self-portrayal: "The lovely shawl has come in safety. . . . I shall often wrap myself in your affection, otherwise called my Shetland shawl (by the way, the brown border is perfect). I confess I tremble a little at the prospect of your seeing me in the flesh. At present I have the charm of a 'Yarrow unvisited.' As to the portrait, I am not one bit like it — besides, it was taken eight years ago. Imagine a first cousin of the old Dante's — rather smoke-dried — a face with lines in it that seem a map of sorrows. These portraits seen beforehand are detestable introductions, only less disadvantageous than a description by an ardent friend to one who is neither a friend nor ardent." Curiously sensitive as to her personal looks was George Eliot, for one of such vigor of intellect and strength of character. Readers of her novels will recall her occasional passing references to the crushing sense of shame one feels at a sudden glimpse, in a mirror or in the unfriendly words of another, of oneself in the least becoming light, or of one's least prepossessing feature. Something more than a coolly objective treatment of the matter seems to reveal itself in these references. Can it be that George Eliot cherished a lifelong feminine yearning for that personal beauty that was so notably denied her?

* * *

The indestructible identity of Shakespeare forms the subject of a characteristic paper by Mr. Andrew Lang in the current "Cornhill." That the plays and poems of William Shakespeare were written by some other man of the same name, as has been recently argued, is vehemently disputed by Mr. Lang, who selects as the special foeman worthy of his steel Mr. G. G. Greenwood, author of "The Shakespeare Problem Restated." Here is the whole matter in a nutshell, from the body of Mr. Lang's clear and convincing statement of the case: "When contemporaries of Shakespeare wrote about Shakespeare's plays and poems, they had no reason to add, 'We mean the plays and poems of Mr. William Shakespeare of My Lord of Leicester's servants, or of the King's servants.' *There was no other William Shakespeare in the public eye;* everyone concerned with the stage and literature knew well who William Shak — any spelling you please — was. Mr. Greenwood does not seem to understand that an important actor in the greatest dramatic company of the age, one of the King's servants, a groom of the Royal Bedchamber, was a notable figure in the town; and that as no other William Shakespeare or Shakspere was notable,

critics who wrote about William Shakespeare's plays did not need to tell their readers who William Shakespeare was, did not need to say 'we mean the actor.'" Neither Homer nor Shakespeare will sell his life otherwise than dearly so long as the hand that wrote the foregoing is able to grasp a pen.

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A POPULAR AUTHOR'S MOST DANGEROUS RIVAL is not infrequently himself at his best — which is often an earlier, fresher, delightfully surprising and unsuspectedly gifted self whom he is never afterward able to equal. Mr. Kipling, for example, seems to many of his admirers never to have displayed such brilliance as in those first short-story masterpieces with which he astonished two hemispheres. The recent death of Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston recalls the international success of her early novel (the second from her pen), "The Masquerader," known in England as "John Chilcote, M.P.," and known in translation to German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish readers. Its publication dates seven years back, but neither "The Gambler," nor "The Fly on the Wheel," nor anything else that she afterward wrote, achieved the fame of that ingeniously planned and skilfully executed earlier piece of work. Mrs. Thurston was barely in her thirties when she died, and might very possibly have gone on to higher things in fiction than she had yet attained. Surely, a writer's mature productions ought, other things being equal, to be his best; but the fact remains, striking from its very anomaly, that they not always are his best.

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A REVIVAL OF THE OLD-TIME "LYCEUM LECTURE" is promised in the coming lectures in this country of Mrs. Margaret L. Woods of London, formerly of Oxford, where her father and her husband were connected with the university. Among those from whom Mrs. Woods has letters of introduction are Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mr. Harrison writes of her: "No academic lecturer can possess the charm of a brilliant woman of the world." For the last quarter of a century she has been in familiar intercourse with many of those prominent in literature and in education in her own country, and she has been much in society. As a woman of letters, Mrs. Woods is known on both sides of the Atlantic for her novels, "A Village Tragedy," "Esther Vanhomrigh," "The Vagabonds," and others. Her American lectures, some of which are expected to be on historical subjects, will begin in November, with one at the British Embassy in Washington.

• • •

THE LATEST GIFT OF A VETERAN PHILANTHROPIST is that in which Dr. Daniel K. Pearson conveys his old homestead in Hillsdale, Ill., to the public library trustees of that town, not to be itself used as a library building, as was first planned, but to be sold, with four acres of the land on which it stands, the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a suitable structure for the village library, which is further enriched with the valuable collection of paintings and statuary acquired by Dr. and Mrs. Pearson in their foreign travels. This generous act, together with his recent gift of fifty thousand dollars to the Chicago City Missionary Society, seems to indicate that Dr. Pearson's late valedictory as public benefactor was not meant in entire seriousness, and that he had not at that time quite reached the bottom of his apparently inexhaustible purse.

• • •

THE HUNGARIAN WAY OF REWARDING GENIUS seems to be a very agreeable way for the beneficiary. Among the illustrated books of last Christmas it may be remembered that Mr. Willy Pogány's strikingly beautiful and appropriate dress for "The Ancient Mariner" elicited warm and merited praise. None of the color books of the season surpassed it in excellence. Now there comes word from Budapest that the Hungarian government has bestowed upon the accomplished illustrator a mark of its recognition of his genius by purchasing the originals of several of the "Ancient Mariner" drawings and by presenting him a neat little gift of ten thousand francs, or its equivalent in the money of the Magyars.

• • •

THE TEACHING OF THE ART OF PRINTING has been undertaken by two widely different institutions, Harvard University and the International Typographical Union. The university course is a general one which aims to fit the student to conduct a printing establishment and to produce printing that conforms to the canons and best traditions of the art. The Typographical Union's course is arranged with the active coöperation of "The Inland Printer" in Chicago, and to some extent specializes in the higher grades of display work. The results of both experiments will be watched with interest.

SOME ENGLISH LITERARY FAMILIES.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Literary families are perhaps not as common as we might expect. Genius in general does not appear to descend from parents to children as inevitably as certain other characteristics, such as gout or a hooked nose. In the arts of music and painting there have been more notable examples than in letters. The family of Bach must easily distance all competition in this respect: it was of importance in the musical world for nearly two hundred years. The brothers Van Eyck uphold worthily the honor of a great family of painters. When we search the records of literature, it is chiefly among the smaller fry that we discover similar instances. Talent may be transmitted, but hardly genius. The latter, indeed, may be defined as a predisposition to the abnormal, apt to manifest itself in slightly different forms in succeeding generations. The child of a poet may display a predilection for drawing, even as the son of a gouty patient may be liable to eczema. The artis-

tic instinct assumes many forms: it is not so stable a matter as the instinct for money-making, which is common not only to certain families but to whole races. For all that, the inheritance of a predisposition toward writing is not rare; the rarity lies in the descendant achieving the success one would expect from the child of so distinguished a parent.

Probably in many cases the celebrity of the father is the undoing of the son. Comparisons are naturally invited between the second wearer of a famous name and the great original; there is even a spice of animosity in the attitude of the public toward the upstart who has dared to use the honored patronymic. For this reason, sons and daughters of celebrated artists who intend to practise in the same field may be advised to select other names. With daughters, this is comparatively a simple matter; they can — and generally do — marry; sometimes they make assurance doubly sure by assuming a pen-name as well. For example, the daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, known in private life as Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, writes and has written for many years under the name of Lucas Malet; Thackeray's daughter, marrying Mr. Richmond Ritchie, saw her husband receive the honor of knighthood, and became Lady Ritchie, under which title she still turns out a certain amount of literary work, including the introductions to the recent "Centenary Biographical Edition" of her father's works. And, conversely, the son of that famous novelist of our youth, Miss Braddon, can employ his very considerable talent without any danger of confusion, since the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" still remains faithful in fiction to her maiden name.

I think the succession of Mr. W. B. Maxwell and Miss Braddon is possibly the best example we possess of inherited talent. The son seems to appeal to much the same class of reader as his mother, and to have achieved much the same kind of success. He is popular, but also is a good craftsman; there is always thought in his novels, and sometimes they rise to a very high level. I consider "The Guarded Flame" one of the best books of its sort that have appeared for several years. Mr. Maxwell is distinctly good with his women — which perhaps may be part of his inheritance. He displays sometimes an almost uncanny knowledge of the daily life of shop-girls and governesses and lady companions. In his latest book, "Mrs. Thompson," he has given us an admirable picture of the Woman of Business. His men, on the other hand, are usually poor creatures by comparison. He has thus discovered the formula for the successful novel — which is, briefly, to make your feminine interest the stronger. "Lay all your emotional stress upon the woman," says the expert; for women, who are the great novel-readers, like to see their own sex well in the limelight.

After reading one of Mr. Maxwell's recent novels, I took up again a story of his mother's, with some idea of seeing whether any family likeness were traceable in the two methods. When I remember how the books of Miss Braddon used to enthral us in our youth, it oppresses me to reflect how time has robbed us of our pristine simplicity. The story — it was "Vixen" — affected me with a mild wonder. It seemed incredible that our hearts could have thrilled (as they undoubtedly did) over the machine-made sufferings of the heroine, the obvious misunderstandings that delayed the inevitable and happy consummation. But on reflection I perceived that it was the manner rather than the matter that now troubled me; the little tricks of language carrying us back to mid-Victorian days, the point of view characteristic of that curiously cramped epoch. For as far as mere plot goes, Mr. Maxwell has handled in "Vivien" perhaps the most threadbare of all situations — that of the nobleman and the poor governess, and has convincingly demonstrated that anything can be made absorbing provided it is dealt with in the right manner.

The Kingsley family, of whom "Lucas Malet" is now the chief literary representative, possesses a long and worthy list of writers. Charles, Henry, and George, the three brothers, all made their mark in the world of letters. There has been a tendency of late years to exalt the author of "Ravenshoe" at the expense of the author of "Westward Ho!" But as a poet and a writer for children Charles Kingsley had qualities that will probably keep his name alive when Henry Kingsley is forgotten. George, the third brother, is still remembered for "South Sea Bubbles," a book of travel which he wrote in collaboration with the Earl of Pembroke. It is curious that he too had a daughter who carried on the literary tradition — Miss Mary Kingsley, who wrote "Travels in West Africa" and lectured to several scientific gatherings on the fauna, flora, and folk-lore of that district. This talented lady was certainly more "true to type" than her more famous cousin, the author of "Sir Richard Calmady."

Both the Coleridges and the Tennysons have contributed several names to the world of letters. The former is perhaps the most literary family of them all. The old poet, friend of Wordsworth and Southey, had four children, of whom one died young. The remaining three, Hartley, Sara, and Derwent, all became well known as authors. Hartley was a master of the sonnet form, and an exceptionally gifted critic. Sara wrote, among other things, "Phantasmion: A Fairy Tale," the songs in which were much admired by Leigh Hunt and other critics. Derwent became a distinguished scholar and author, and left two children, Christabel and Ernest Hartley, the former well known as a novelist, the latter as a critic and writer of biography. Then, too, there remain a whole list of nephews and great-nephews, ranging from the late Lord Chief Justice of England, whose addresses and papers would fill a substantial volume, to Arthur Duke Coleridge, author of "Eton in the Forties," and his daughter Mary E. Coleridge, a well-known writer of fiction who died some four years ago. Sir John Taylor Coleridge should not be omitted. After Gifford's

retirement he edited the "Quarterly Review" for a short time, resigning in favor of Lockhart after a year's service; later, he published an excellent edition of "Blackstone's Commentaries," and, when a very old man, produced a pleasant "Memoir of John Keble."

Against this galaxy of talent, the Tennyson clan make only a moderate show. But it must not be forgotten that the late Laureate's first volume, "Poems by Two Brothers," contained several pieces by his brother Charles, afterward better known as Charles Tennyson-Turner, whose "Century of Sonnets" still remains a fairly popular gift-book. The second peer, and present holder of the title, has, I believe, written verse; he has certainly been responsible for a worthy memoir of his father, in two volumes. But perhaps the pious duty of compiling a father's "Life and Letters" scarcely comes within the province of pure literature. A grandson of the poet, a second Alfred Tennyson, had his first novel reviewed recently in the public press.

Perhaps the celebrated Darwin family would be more justly considered under the head of science than literature. But the dividing line between the two is a thin one, and the earliest member of the race to gain renown combined the two fields in a manner peculiarly his own. Probably it was the fashion of the age, rather than any decided poetic inspiration, that induced Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of the yet more famous Charles, to couch his "Botanic Garden" and "Loves of the Plants" in the rhymed heroic couplets of the eighteenth century. At heart, he was scientist rather than poet; but his florid pomp of language no doubt procured him readers who would have left a plain prose statement of his theories severely alone. In his "Zoönomia" he anticipated some of the views of Lamarck. His son, Robert Waring Darwin, is not reported to have written anything of note; but his two grandsons, Erasmus and Charles, inherited respectively both his taste for letters and his spirit of scientific speculation. The author of "The Origin of Species" left in his turn four sons, all of whom have done something to maintain the honor of the family. The present Sir George Darwin is the best known of the four; he became Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy at Cambridge in 1883.

Coming down again to the present generation, I can recall no instance of a family of authors to compare with the Bensons. The three sons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury seem to share in almost equal degree their considerable gift of awakening the public interest. They all not only write with ease and a certain distinction, but (which is more surprising), with success. It would be difficult for anyone not actually in the trade to say which of the three had the largest circle of readers. The author of "Dodo" and "The Vintage" was the earliest of the brothers to achieve fame, for he wrote the first-mentioned novel at the early age of twenty-five. Mr. A. C. Benson, who was until recently a master at Eton, was considerably longer on the road to popularity, as was to be expected from a man who began his literary career with poems and essays. At the present moment he and Mr. E. V. Lucas are perhaps the only two writers who have succeeded in making the gentle art of essay-writing *pay* in this country. Mr. R. H. Benson, the third brother, a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, has specialized with good results in what may be termed the religious novel. Of late years the three have produced between them so many books that hardly a list of recent publications can be found that does not contain one of their names. The Archbishop himself was a zealous and learned antiquarian, whose "Cyprian" would have brought fame to a smaller man.

E. H. Lacon Watson.

London, England, Sept. 18, 1911.

COMMUNICATIONS.

DECEPTIVE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

The writing of books illustrative of English life in past centuries seems to be a special *penchant* of American scholarship to-day. During the last decade, for example, quite a dozen volumes have been published, which attempt by copious illustration and citation to throw light upon the ordinary conditions of life in sixteenth-century England. In many cases it would appear that the pictures generously introduced into all these books have received less careful attention than modern scholarship requires to be given to data presented in writing. Pictures illustrating conditions in one century are frequently ascribed to another; many are so vaguely or erroneously labelled as to convey entire misapprehension; while in a number of instances purely conjectural modern sketches, sometimes containing obvious impossibilities, are put side by side with genuine contemporary illustrations, without any kind of discrimination or warning. In other words, in the important matter of illustration the compilers of books on social and literary history often show themselves several generations behind the ordinary standards of present-day learning in accuracy and candor.

Has not the time come to demand that the pictures introduced into works on social and cultural conditions be subjected to the same investigation which is given to other testimony, — that each be clearly and precisely labelled, and that those which have genuine value as contemporary evidence be definitely distinguished from the great number of more or less imaginary fabrications?

Several very glaring examples of carelessness in selecting and explaining illustrations occur in Sidney Lanier's "Shakespeare and his Forerunners," published by Doubleday, Page & Company in 1902. Inasmuch as the work appeared posthumously, Lanier cannot himself be burdened with the misconduct of the person who seems quite recklessly to have brought together the numerous pictures. However, the mottoes which accompany these pictures occasionally involve such notable blunders as inevitably to reflect discredit upon the entire book. On pp. 98f. of the second volume, Mr. Lanier has some rational observations on the shape and

dramatic use of the Tudor inn-yard. At this point the illustrator has inserted a cut of what he terms an "Old Inn showing Courtyard in which Plays were performed." This picture, however, instead of representing an Elizabethan tavern, is in reality a reproduction of the eighteenth century coaching inn of the "Bull and Mouth," Aldersgate Street. The same view appears, accurately entitled, in Sir Walter Besant's "London" (1892), and an account of the "Bull and Mouth" ("Boulogne Mouth") can be found in Thornberry's "Old and New London," ii., 219. The absurdity of palming off this late eighteenth or early nineteenth century scene as a genuine representation of the sixteenth-century inn-yard used for plays must be obvious to all who glance at the high post-chaises, the piles of trunks on the ground, and the tall hats, pigeon-tailed coats, and long trousers of the travellers. These clear evidences of date are, furthermore, supplemented by the tell-tale legend "Coffee Room" over a door in the left foreground. The drinking of coffee was not introduced commonly till a century after the time which the picture perports to illustrate; and the word "coffee-room," first instanced in the New English Dictionary from "The Spectator," 1712, can hardly have been applied to a special room in a coaching-inn before the close of the eighteenth century. Apart from the critical offence involved, serious misconception must arise from thus presenting a comparatively modern picture as illustrative of conditions at least two centuries earlier. The inn-yard portrayed, though containing several interior galleries, is entirely different in shape from its small rectangular predecessors of the Tudor era, and could never have been employed practically for dramatic presentation.

Many similar examples of inaccurate or misleading illustration can be found in the two volumes of this same book. No serious objection should perhaps be urged against the reproduction of a picture called "An Early English Mystery Play" (vol. i., p. 298) from Thomas Sharp's "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries," 1825. However, one might reasonably expect some warning as to the entirely conjectural nature of this sketch, which Sharp states to have been drawn to his order, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, according to what he imagined to have been fifteenth century conditions.

A couple of pages previous (vol. i., p. 296) there appears a picture entitled "An Early English Puppet Theatre. From a 14th-century MS." The manuscript referred to is in the Bodleian (MS. Bodl. 264), and the picture in question was first reproduced by M. Jusserand in the "Furnivall Miscellany" volume, published the year before Mr. Lanier's book (1901). M. Jusserand explains this picture, and another from the same manuscript, as illustrating a fourteenth-century pageant with real actors; and there seems no doubt that he is right when we find by referring to M. Charles Magnin's "Histoire des Marionnettes en Europe" (Paris, 1862), that puppet theatres are entirely unrecorded in England, as well as in France, till two centuries after the date of the manuscript containing the picture.

The reader who casually turns over the pictures in Mr. Lanier's book will probably have his attention drawn, even before he has noticed any of the errors just mentioned, to what pretends to be a reproduction of the "Title-page of Ben Jonson's Tragedies and Comedies" (vol. ii., p. 148). Here, instead of finding a facsimile from the well-known 1616 Folio of Jonson, one reads with astonishment: "Tragedies and Comedies collected into one volume. Viz. 1. Antonio and Mellida. 2. Antonio's Revenge. 3. The Tragedie of Sophonisba. 4. What you Will. 5. The Fawne. 6. The Dutch Courtezan. . . . 1633." The picture, of course, reproduces the first page of the earliest anonymous impression of John Marston's works, as the specific list of contents sufficiently shows. The hasty collector of pictures for Mr. Lanier's book has presumably leaped to the startling conclusion that the "Tragedies and Comedies" mentioned were the work of Jonson, because some one has written in ink across the particular copy of the title-page photographed the words "Ben: Jonson." This scrawl may evidence the honest delusion of some seventeenth century possessor of the volume, but surely it is deplorable that so transparent a blunder should be given circulation and support in a reputable modern work.

Unsigned manuscript notes on title-pages and fly-leaves of early books are notoriously untrustworthy. Yet such annotations on pictures are often accepted without any investigation. The Lanier book repeats soberly, under a sketch of a man with drum and tabor (vol. ii, p. 144), the description written in an eighteenth century hand, "Richd: Tarleton. Actor in Shakesperes Plays." It is probable that the picture does represent a sketch of Tarleton; but no serious writer would to-day refer to Tarleton, who died in 1588, as an actor in Shakespeare's plays, in the absence of any scrap of evidence, and in view of the fact that the poet's first independent play, "Love's Labor's Lost," is now almost universally dated later than 1590.

It is perhaps not unpermissible to dwell at length upon these particular inaccuracies, because they seem to illustrate, with no very excessive exaggeration, a prevalent vice of the day. The rage for illustration has passed from the magazine to the serious text-book; and it is yet little realized, apparently, that pictures irresponsibly selected, and inserted without adequate investigation, can easily lead to more serious misapprehension than would result from glaring error in the letter-press.

C. F. Tucker Brooke.

Yale University, September 22, 1911.

A REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN ICELAND.

(To the Editor of The Dial.)

At first blush it would seem an ill-advised undertaking to found a real university on an island so remote, so sparsely settled, so poor, as Iceland. Indeed, even a member of the Althing (the Icelandic Parliament) branded the project as a "bloodless idea" as late as 1891. And more than once the Danish overlord rejected resolutions looking in that direction for what were thought adequate reasons.

Yet at a nearer examination, the fervid wish of many Icelanders for a truly national institution of higher learning — which wish has now become realized — proves to be far from unreasonable. In a very real way it means to them the beginning of a renascence which will, it is fondly hoped, bring Iceland once more to the forefront among cultured nations. The Icelanders, to a man, are ever conscious of the proud fact that it was their forefathers who gave the Edda to the world; who created the Saga literature, the only purely Germanic literature to be reckoned with seriously; who founded the first republic of modern times altogether independent of classical influence.

In the Middle Ages, Iceland was well supplied with

cloisters in which the torch of native learning and literature burned brightly, whilst a remarkable tolerance permitted the spirit of ancient Heathendom once more to express itself fully before succumbing altogether to Christianity. With its subjugation under Norway, in the middle of the thirteenth century, the lamentable downfall of the erstwhile wealthy and powerful island may be said to have begun. Wrongful monopolies sucking the life-blood of the country, terrible volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, floods, together with the repeated fearful visitations of the Black Death, well-nigh ruined the land and reduced the population to misery and despair. The island, which is calculated to have had a hundred thousand inhabitants during its palmy days, at the beginning of the last century counted but a score of thousands of poverty-stricken cotters and fishermen.

But the love of learning had never quite died out among the people. At the very first meeting of the Althing, after a separate constitution had been granted to the island in 1845, their aspirations were voiced in a petition, handed in by Icelandic students in Copenhagen, that provision for higher public instruction should forthwith be made. The first result of this demand was the Clerical Seminary at Reykjavik, founded in 1847. Harder still it was to obtain the consent of the Danish government for the establishment of a Medical School (1876). Even more difficult it proved to found a Law School. Bills looking in that direction were killed, time and again, in the legislature for almost half a century; and when finally passed they were promptly vetoed by the king, until the royal sanction was at last obtained in 1904.

The founding of a real University was not seriously considered until 1891, and again in 1893, when a bill for it was passed by both divisions of the Althing, but was vetoed by King Christian XI. Indeed, conditions then were as yet scarcely advanced enough to justify the step. The matter was not publicly broached again for a number of years; but public-spirited men and women kept the cause alive, even collecting some little money for the purpose. In due time (1907), the legislature passed a resolution instructing the Government to appoint a commission to work out plans for establishing a University of four faculties, to be substituted for the professional schools already existing. Accordingly, this committee reported at the next session of the Althing (1909), recommending a constitution based, in its chief features, on the Norwegian University regulations of 1905, which resemble those of the typical Continental universities. Excepting for minor changes, this was adopted and made a law on July 30, 1909, Iceland having meanwhile become practically autonomous as to its internal affairs.

A more unpretentious, not to say insignificant, beginning could hardly be imagined. The yearly appropriation for the newly-fledged university was scarcely $15,000 — a sum which will, however, with rigid economy, and in Iceland, go ten times as far as with us. There will be two full professors and one *docent* in the department of Theology, two professors in the Law school, two professors and six special instructors in Medicine, two professors in the historical-philological department. Instruction is, of course, given only to graduates of a "gymnasium," whose number is hardly expected to be more than a few score for the present. To start with, the institution will be housed in the spacious upper stories of the Public School at the capital, Reykjavik. In honor of Jón Sigurdsson, it was decided to make the formal opening coincide with the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Iceland's greatest son of modern times (born June 17, 1811, died Dec. 7, 1879), who is fondly called the Gladstone of Iceland, — and, indeed, shared with the English statesman his nobility of character, his enormous industry, and his astonishing versatility. Historian, philologist, publicist, economist, he left works of enduring value in each of these fields; but by far his greatest monument is the successful conduct of the long constitutional struggle with Denmark which resulted in practically complete independence. On June 17 his memory was honored in the simple yet impressive ceremonies marking the commencement of the "Háskóli Islands."

In his inaugural address, Rector Björn M. Olsen, the distinguished philologist, dwelt on the peculiar national mission of the new institution. Its chiefest call, he thinks, is to inspire and rejuvenate his small but historic nation, to give it heart in its hard struggle for its rightful place among modern communities. It is to be the focus in which are concentrated the rays of culture from the great outer world, and its function will be to distribute them again among the people. To the native student it will furnish instruction in branches which were taught indifferently, if at all, at Copenhagen; in Icelandic law (which shows many features peculiarly its own); and in medicine and surgery, as adapted to the peculiar conditions of their practice on the island. It is also hoped that a modest number of foreign students will avail themselves of the unique opportunity to learn "on the spot," Icelandic history, language, and literature, under acknowledged authorities. To the Icelanders themselves, however, it is not to act like a Chinese wall, still further shutting them off from cultural intercourse with the world, as opponents of the project had feared, but rather as an effective mediator with it. Norway, it was pointed out, "sprang up like a strong steel spring" after the establishment of a national University.

LEE M. HOLLANDER.

Madison, Wis., September 20, 1911.

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN "FIRST FOLIO" EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In commenting on some minor errors in Jaggard's Shakespeare Bibliography, the reviewer of that work, in your issue of Sept. 16, makes the following statement: "There is no key-reference to the 'First Folio' edition (1906) of Misses Porter and Clarke under Miss Porter's name, though it may be found under Miss Clarke's. The edition itself is described only in the London imprint of G. G. Harrap, and the number of volumes given as 13, which does not bring it to date."

As a matter of fact, the English "First Folio" edition is not at all uniform with the American "First Folio" edition now in course of publication by Messrs. Crowell & Co., though both bear the names of Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke as editors. The English edition, published by Messrs. George G. Harrap & Co., is complete in 13 volumes, of larger size than the American edition. Several plays are included in each volume, while the American edition is on the basis of a volume to each play. I have not compared the two editions to ascertain whether or not the editorial apparatus is the same in each case.

B. R. W.

Chicago, September 25, 1911.

The New Books.

A Stern Censor of Civil War Affairs.*

It took only the first instalment in "The Atlantic Monthly," two years ago, to demonstrate that the diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy in the cabinets of Lincoln and Johnson, constituted an historical document of the very foremost rank for the period of the Civil War and the early years of Reconstruction. Editor of "The Hartford Times" as early as 1826, and contributor at various times to the editorial columns of many papers, Welles was a writer by inveterate habit, regularly passing his evenings in jotting down in "the red books," as his family called them, the important events of the day and his comments thereon. He had the old-fashioned New England conscience, not prone to gloss over faults in the interest of expediency or good fellowship; and during the period of his cabinet service there was no dearth of faults for his consideration. His standards of official duty were rigid and hard to reach, and his pen was severe against failure to come up to the mark. And yet he strove always to be just. A first unfavorable impression with him never meant absolute and irreversible condemnation, as it often does with a class of men whose harshness of speech might seem to the superficial observer to stamp them as closely akin to him. We may take as an instance his feeling toward General McClellan. Almost alone at the start he questioned McClellan's fitness for the important work to which he was called; and yet it was he who in 1862 thwarted the attempt of Secretary Chase to secure from the cabinet a united statement to the President denouncing the General in violent terms for incapacity, pronouncing him a traitor, and demanding his removal. Harsh though he was, he had a stern sense of justice, and insight to recognize such good qualities as did exist in the various objects of his animadversions; and, still more, he had a good measure of Lincoln's power to see that it was often better to get along with imperfect instruments than to make changes the effect of which upon an excited and poorly informed public opinion might result in serious harm. His connection with Andrew Johnson began with very untoward omens. On the evening of Inauguration Day, 1865, he writes: "The Vice-President made a rambling and strange harangue, which was listened to with pain and mortification by all his friends. My impressions were that he was under the influence of stimulants, yet I know not that he drinks." His impression as to the cause of Johnson's muddled speech was soon confirmed; and yet in the end Secretary Welles was to become one of Johnson's most loyal and unflinching supporters throughout the whole of his stormy and unpopular administration. We can do no better here than to quote a paragraph from Mr. John T. Morse's Introduction to the Diary.

"The picture of Andrew Johnson is altogether the most favorable which has ever been given, at least with any authority, of that unfortunate man. It deserves to be studied with great interest, for, as has been said, Mr. Welles was a very shrewd and very fair judge of men. He had a high esteem for Johnson, which was not only the loyalty of an office-holder towards his chief, but was also a sincere esteem and genuine personal liking. It is safe to assume that the excited partisanship of the times somewhat stimulated these sentiments; yet he was not thus prevented from often criticizing his leader, and he seems in the main even-minded and judicious. It may be that the publication of these volumes will lead to at least a partial revision of popular opinion concerning our only impeached President."

In Grant, Mr. Welles saw early, what all but blind partisans were to see later on, the ease with which he could be entangled and used by dishonest schemers: the failing so aptly put by James Russell Lowell in the last lines to come from his pen:

"Yet did this man, war tempered, stern as steel
Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway;
The hand hilt-hardened had lost tact to feel
The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made prey
Of him and of the entrusted Commonweal."

During the Summer of 1867 Mr. Welles wrote in his Diary:

"General Grant has become severely afflicted with the Presidential disease, and it warps his judgment, which is not very intelligent or enlightened at best. He is less sound on great and fundamental principles, vastly less informed than I had supposed possible for a man of his opportunities. Obviously, he has been tampered with and flattered by the Radicals, who are using him and his name for their selfish and partisan purposes."

The attitude of Mr. Welles toward Seward was expressed in a time-softened manner in 1873, when he published a little volume on Lincoln and Seward, in reply to an address on Seward by Charles Francis Adams, wherein the orator had attributed to Secretary Seward about all that was most worthy of credit in the Lincoln administration. In general, the publications of more recent years have tended to strip

*The Diary of Gideon Welles. With an Introduction by John T. Morse, Jr. In three volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Seward of much of his glory in the popular imagination; and this Diary militates powerfully in the same direction. That Seward was offensively and harmfully meddlesome in matters over which he had no jurisdiction and concerning which he was woefully ignorant, is shown again and again; and if anything in the Diary tends toward a lower estimate of Lincoln than is generally held since Morse's great biography and other books of recent years, it is the proof of Lincoln's too-frequent yielding to Seward as against more honest and competent advisers. Welles wrote:

"There has been an itching propensity on his part to have a controlling voice in naval matters with which he has no business and which he really does not understand; and he sometimes improperly interferes, as in the disposition of mails on captured vessels. The Attorney-General has experienced similar improper interference, more than any other; perhaps none are exempt. But the Secretary of State, while meddlesome with others, is not at all communicative of the affairs of his own department."

Secretary Welles was in sentiment one of the original Civil Service reformers, and stubbornly fought for his views on various occasions,— as when the whole Navy Yard management was about to be upset because of the resistance of some of the better-minded officers to the demand for enforced political assessments. Again and again the Secretary records his disgust with Senators and Representatives who overwhelmed him with demands for places for their political henchmen, in spite of obvious unfitness for the work to be done in the positions sought. In the case of one attempt to seize upon the Navy Yard for political ends, he writes of a visit to his office by the son of Secretary Seward, with certain papers:

"In these papers a party committee propose to take the organization of the Navy Yard into their keeping, to name the Commandant, to remove the Naval Constructor, to change the regulations, and make the Navy Yard a party machine for the benefit of party, and to employ men to elect candidates, instead of building ships. I am amazed that Raymond [Editor of the New York 'Times'] could debase himself so far as to submit such a proposition, and more that he expects me to enforce it."

An amusing reference to some remarks of Lincoln is appropriate here:

"The President was happy. Says he is amused with the manners and views of some who address him, who tell him that he is now reëlected and can do just as he has a mind to, which means that he can do some unworthy thing that the person who addresses him has a mind to. There is very much of this."

Secretary Welles saw clearly the quagmire into which unwise currency measures were leading the country. In February of 1864 he wrote:

"Had a brief talk to-day with Chase on Financial matters. He seems embarrassed how to proceed, but being futile in resources is listening to others still more futile. There will, however, come a day of reckoning, and the Nation will have to pay for all these expedients. In departing from the specie standard and making irredeemable paper its equivalent, I think a great error was committed. By inflating the currency, loans have been more easily taken, but the artificial prices are ruinous. I do not gather from Chase that he has any system or fixed principles to govern him in his managemen of the treasury."

The manner in which the negroes were granted the suffrage was severely condemned by Secretary Welles.

"This whole question of suffrage is much abused. The Negro can take upon himself the duty about as intelligently, and as well for the public interest, as a considerable portion of the foreign element which comes amongst us. Each will be the tool of the demagogues. If the Negro is to vote and exercise the duties of a citizen, let him be educated to it. The measure should not, even if the government were empowered to act, be precipitated when he is stolidly ignorant and wholly unprepared. It is proposed to do it against what have been and still are the constitutions, laws, usages, and practices of the States which we wish to restore to fellowship."

But party gain, apparently within reach, was a stronger motive than sober judgment. The temper of the present day, not very regardful of abstractions concerning human rights, may possibly overestimate the harm done by Negro suffrage, but few will deny that the way in which that suffrage was perverted by selfishly partisan white leaders was harmful and debasing in the highest degree, and probably the majority of the most sincere friends of the Negro would now agree that it would have been better for him and for all if the gift had been bestowed gradually, as a fixed standard, not high enough to have been essentially out of reach, should be attained.

There is no chapter of this Diary that is not replete with interest. Intelligent comment on some important question yields only to criticism of some incompetent, overbearing, or corrupt politician, always too biting in its expression to be dull, and always with some little touch of originality, even if, as in the case of Seward, the last has been applied so often that the count is as hopelessly lost as Catullus wanted it to be with Lesbia's kisses. The student of American history *must* read these volumes; the general reader certainly *will* do so, if once he discovers their quality. To the careful student, aware of what has been written during the past quarter-century, they will not in many points be subversive of estimates of men and events already entertained. Secretary Welles saw at the start much that it has taken a generation of patient

scholarship to work out bit by bit. This Diary gives a good test of the accuracy of the work which our historical investigators have been doing on the period of the Civil War and Reconstruction, and in general the result of that test is favorable. As Mr. Morse puts it in his Introduction: "There is a remarkable agreement between what he wrote in those days when our past was his present, and what our historians and biographers are now setting forth as the dispassionate valuations of posterity. Such harmony is agreeably reassuring as to the accuracy of the judgments which we are today accepting." W. H. Johnson.

The Story of the College Curriculum.*

It is natural to assume that the history of the college curriculum would make a dull story. Professor William T. Foster, now President of the newly founded Reed College at Portland, Oregon, has shown that it may be made distinctly interesting and profitable withal. His book is equally strong on the critical and constructive as on the historical side. It presents an admirable statement of the growth, significance, and future problems of the elective system and of the allied interests of the college curriculum.

As a result of the survey, it becomes clearer than ever that the spirit of Thomas Jefferson gave the distinctive trend to much that we properly and proudly call American in modern education. We may be surprised to learn that Jefferson urged "the first President of the Republic to support his astounding scheme for uprooting the entire faculty of the academy of Geneva and planting it in the State of Virginia." But we soon realize that the fundamental conviction that a newer institution could alone express the needs of the newer community was certain to bear fruit in one way if not in another. Jefferson was the founder of the elective system; and its *alma mater* was the University of Virginia. It is well that Mr. Foster has so convincingly shown that the credit belongs here; and that the men who by their contact with German institutions are commonly associated with the early beginnings of the movement at Harvard (Ticknor and Everett), in so far as they were not in reality opposed to the system, owed their more favorable attitude to Jefferson. It is quite impossible for us at this day to realize the utter barrenness of the old cut-and-dried system and its complete want of relationship with the progressive thinking that was moving the minds of the early nineteenth century and of later days.

Moreover, the detailed struggle in the older colleges for some slight recognition of modern thought, language, and science; the chary concessions grudingly allowed; the tariff of a less credit imposed on elective studies; and a host of devices to protect the prestige of traditional scholarship,—all these present a quaint appearance to retrospective vision, like the mental costumes of bygone days. The same applies to the incident in the '40's at Harvard, when the Faculty voted that no student shall pursue more than one modern language at a time, and Professor Longfellow protested, but was unable to persuade the Corporation to set aside the ruling of the Faculty. It would be wrong to suppose that any very perverse myopia of the Faculties, or any unconscious lodgment of motes, limited or obscured their vision. There seem to have been at all periods progressive groups of men — sedate insurgents, if you please — who were thinking freely and deeply on the problem of the College. The Amherst Report of 1826 is indeed a notable and inspiring document. To us it rings with conviction; but it failed to find a sufficient support for practical embodiment. "Human nature seems to have decreed that the history of education shall be one long record of clear conceptions of needs a generation in advance of their realization."

The later evolution of the curriculum under the impetus of the elective system which President Eliot vitalized, is more familiar. The latest reaction against its too exclusive absorption of the curriculum, and against the abuses which it encouraged, resulted in the revision of the Harvard rules as almost the first action of President Lowell's regime. At this stage the matter becomes one for expert diagnosis; and doctors will continue to agree or disagree according to their training and temperament. Mr. Foster brings the discussion down to the present, and, while urging his own position, presents the case fairly. At this stage the politics of education replaces its history.

Educational "shop" has a larger justification than the technical business of many professions; for those in training for all sorts and conditions of vocations are exposed to its procedures. The present endeavor is directed to providing efficient concentration together with a broadening diffusion of interests. "Thou shalt know much of one thing," "Thou shalt know

* Administration of the College Curriculum. By William T. Foster, President of Reed College. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

somewhat of many things," and "Thou shalt choose what thou wilt know," seem to be the chief of the commandments, and the rest are like unto them. How this reasonable desideratum is to be encouraged is well set forth in these pages; and the argument makes a plea for the value of statistical investigation to replace guess-work and impressionism. That success in college bears a reasonable relation to success in life may be statistically established. Systems and innovations may be so weighed in the educational balance as in due season to be certified as full weight or found wanting.

Mr. Foster's constructive proposals urge the recognition of quality along with quantity of work. Yet such is the human (including professorial) frailty that any such premium will be adjusted to favor the professed domain of each professor. Hence a scientific marking system must be introduced that shall at once rate the student and disclose the personal equation of the instructor with the brutal disregard attaching to "probable errors" and curves of distribution. All this belongs to the shop; it is worth careful consideration by those of the profession, who will promptly find its limitations and shortcomings. Mr. Foster is aware of these, and aware also of the fact that the salvation to be looked for in methods is most imperfect, is indeed not vital. Yet machinery we must have; and those who run it should have a large sense of the why and the wherefore of its working and the qualities demanded of the product.

A more general interest attaches to the concluding chapter discussing "Our Democratic American College." The reading thereof will not add to one's complacency. The College is the object of severe criticism, some of it just and wholesome, some of it carping, some of it misleading though outspoken, some of it misleading because too discreetly reticent and circumspect. Above the confusion of fault-finding—in itself a welcome relief from the vapidity of Bœotian laudation—a resounding note makes itself heard, the false commercial standards and appraisals of college life. The bid for numbers, the advertising of athletics and other side-shows, the coddling of the lame, the halt, and the blind, the cavalierly student attitude toward scholarship, the distorted appraisal of professorial qualities and activities, may all be presented as variations of a common theme. It may be a trite and a prosaic one; unfortunately, the American public has still to learn how to listen to it. Frank diagnosis does not exclude hopeful prognosis. President Foster closes his chapter with an optimistic forecast of the ideal College, not in terms of a Utopia but as a realizable possibility.

What may be the most serious criticism of all is not touched upon. There are many, very many, of those responsibly connected with the academic life who agree with the prevailing strictures of the American college. Why do they not assert themselves? Why do they aid and abet what at bottom fails to command their sincere sympathy, their best enthusiasm, their deepest loyalty? There must be some singleness of cause for so many related symptoms. As yet, those who refer it to the unwise domination of the administrative organization within the college have presented the strongest brief. These things are vital; the curriculum is secondary thereto. College politics must give way to college statesmanship. Such a book as this is a helpful and hopeful contribution to the campaign literature.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A MOUNTAIN LOVER.*

As a revelation of "the glory and freedom of the out-of-doors" exemplified in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in and about the Yosemite Valley, Mr. Muir's narrative of his first impressions in those regions is most charming and refreshing. It takes the reader by dusty trails into forest fastnesses of sugar pine, incense cedar, and giant redwood, along purling brooks and mountain torrents, through tangles of bracken and azalea, and across mountain meadows aglow with a thousand blossoms, to the precipice's brink, and up to fields of perpetual snow, and to the rugged crags of the backbone of the continent.

Even more satisfying than the painstaking and often rather elaborate descriptions of forest trees, of shrubs of the chaparral and chamisal, and of the flowers of the sunny slopes and wet meadows, are the personal glimpses of the lover of trees and of blossoms which this narrative reveals. "I sat a long time beneath the tallest fronds, and never enjoyed anything in the nature of a bower of wild leaves more strangely impressive. Only spread a fern frond over a man's head, and worldly cares are cast out, and freedom and beauty and peace come in. The

*MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA. By John Muir. With illustrations from drawings made by the Author in 1869, and from Photographs by Herbert W. Gleason. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

waving of a pine tree on the top of a mountain, — a magic wand in Nature's hand, — every devout mountaineer knows its power; but the marvellous beauty value of what the Scotch call a breckan in a still dell, what poet has sung this? It would seem impossible that anyone, however incrusted with care, could escape the Godful influence of these sacred fern forests." His pages are all brim-full of the glowing enthusiasm of youth and the exhilaration of first impressions of the wonders of the mountains.

Yet withal it was a humble errand that took this poet-wanderer to the brink of the Yosemite — that of sharing with Billy (the shepherd) the care of two thousand sheep, the "hoofed locusts" whose busy nibbling strips the mountain side or forest floor of every trace of edible verdure. Stupid animals too, balking at every brook till pressed into the flood by men and dogs, or madly plunging in to return to the rest of the flock after having been carried across in the vain hope that the others might follow. The loneliness and monotony of the shepherd's life that have brought many a herder to the madhouse, gave to our author the chance to acquaint himself with the flowers and trees, with the wild animals of the forests and mountains, and to explore lakes, snowfields, and mountain peaks, and even to drop down into the desert beyond the range to crater-nestling Mono Lake with its Indian village.

It was little sympathy or comradeship that could be had from Shepherd Billy, a soul befogged beneath mean pleasures and cares, who declined to walk a mile to the brink of the Yosemite Valley to see a "hole in the ground." So the author turned to his faithful dog Carlo, to the sheep, the bears, squirrels, marmots, chipmucks, — yes, even to the lizards, ants, and grasshoppers; and found in these an unfailing source of interest and companionship in the solitude of the wilderness.

Mr. Muir's first impressions of the Yosemite Valley will keenly interest all those whose own eyes have caught that never-to-be-forgotten first glimpse into this superb chasm with its roaring cataracts and peaceful valley.

"I came at length to the brow of that massive cliff that stands between Indian Canon and Yosemite Falls, and here the far-famed valley came suddenly into view throughout almost its whole extent. The noble walls — sculptured into endless variety of domes and gables, spires and battlements and plain mural precipices — all a-tremble with the thunder tones of the falling water. The level bottom seemed to be dressed like a garden, — sunny meadows here and there, and groves of pine and oak; the river of Mercy sweeping in majesty through the midst of them and flashing back the sunbeams. The great Tissiack, or Half-Dome, rising at the upper end of the valley to a height of nearly a mile, is nobly proportioned and life-like, the most impressive of all the rocks, holding the eye in devout admiration, calling it back again and again from falls or meadows, or even the mountains beyond, — marvellous cliffs, marvellous in sheer dizzy depth and sculpture, types of endurance."

The blithe and venturesome spirit of the writer and his bubbling enthusiasm over each new tree or flower, his apostrophes to brook and water-fall, to the sunrise and the sunset, to the cloudless summer days, to the passing storm, might become wearisome were they not so sincerely genuine. They afford enticing glimpses into Nature's Wonderland to those who have not been there, and will stir many fond recollections in the hearts of those who have "summered in the Sierras."

"Here ends my forever memorable first High Sierra excursion. I have crossed the Range of Light, surely the brightest and best of all the Lord has built; and rejoicing in its glory, I gladly, gratefully, hopefully pray I may see it again."

As President of the Sierra Club, California's band of lovers of the mountains and devotees of the out-of-door world, Mr. Muir has not only visited the mountains again and again, but he has inspired hundreds of others with an enthusiasm for the forest glades, glistening snowfields, and towering peaks of our high Sierras. He has also led a valiant and successful fight for the preservation of these playgrounds for a sturdy and virile race. The American people will some day come to utilize and enjoy this heritage of which they now know all too little and which they value too lightly. Mr. Muir's book will surely do a service in adding to the numbers of those who will know and love these American Alps and be watchful and ready to protect their treasures against the assaults of commercial greed and the irreparable damage by axe and fire which in a few short years can sweep away forever the forest growths of centuries, aye of thousands of years, and replace the great trees and the water-falls with a desert and a turbid but evanescent flood.

The book is illustrated with numerous cuts from pencil-sketches made in the author's note-book long ago, and many well-chosen plates from photographs by Mr. Herbert W. Gleason, the veteran photographer known to all who have shared in the memorable summer outings of the Sierra Club in California's mountains.

CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID.

The New Voice of Philosophy.*

Philosophy itself has undergone an evolution not unlike that of some genus of animals. At one moment, having before us the records of the past, we are astonished at the antiquity of its fundamental ideas, and even the little details of the patterns with which these are embroidered. Just as we have concluded that there is nothing new under the sun, we find ourselves projected into a fresh atmosphere, where everything is transformed. Philosophy has suffered a mutation; and whether we regard the phenomenon as merely kaleidoscopic or not, for us there is a fresh outlook, and old things have new meanings.

While the majority of academic philosophers have been content to reiterate (as William James put it), "what dusty-minded professors have written about what other previous professors have thought," an occasional individual, with more originality and independence, has ventured on a new path. It is comparatively easy to be original if one does not mind being absurd, and departures from the beaten track have so generally resulted in disaster that the orthodox have repeatedly felt confirmed in their belief that everything worth while was known to the ancients. "Favorable variations" are those which are adapted to some features in the existing environment — arrangements which set up new partnerships, as it were, in the commerce of life. They represent purposeful originality, or what comes to the same thing in its practical outcome. Philosophy has found new opportunities of this sort in the development of modern sciences, while science itself has increasingly felt the need of philosophical interpretation. The way has therefore been open for the man of genius who could unite the loose ends of current knowledge and thought, and weave them into useable strands after a manner of his own. Such "purposeful originality" was exhibited by Herbert Spencer, who was protected by a happy combination of ignorance of tradition and natural independence from falling into the deep-worn ruts of his predecessors. The ponderous outcome, criticizable as it may be, had a tremendous influence, and will always remain a great example of philosophic thought taking its roots in science. Bergson is as different from Spencer as well may be, and yet resembles him in going to the science of his day for data, and striving to build up a scheme which shall equally interpret and be interpreted by the results of observation and experiment. It is for this reason that "L'Evolution Créatrice," or its English translation, may already be seen in biological laboratories everywhere, and has become a common subject of conversation among naturalists who take little interest in the ramifications of orthodox philosophy.

Reviewers have agreed in praising Bergson's pellucid style, and justly so; yet a very able scientific man, an ardent Bergsonian, has said that he read the book five times before he fully understood it. Such a book is like a well-ordered museum, in which everything is properly exhibited and labelled, but the mind cannot appreciate the details at a single visit. In a certain sense, no reader can be said to fully understand a book like this, if only for the reason that he is not the author. We may even press the point further, and remark that the author himself is hazy on certain points — as, indeed, he freely confesses. The very character of the work, which makes it so stimulating, results largely from the fact that it represents a striving toward that which is not accomplished.

The very essence of the Bergsonian doctrine, as indicated by the title of the book, is that true evolution is creative, having indeed impulses and directions which may readily be observed, but *naïve*, unforseeable in the details of its future operations. Past life, as we view it from the present, seems like a picture painted on a canvas; but we are not to conceive that all future life is also painted there, only invisible because the canvas is rolled up. The intellect naturally adopts a mechanical point of view, because man is a tool-making animal, and the principal use of his mind is to aid his hand in fashioning objects for his use. The mind is adapted for dealing with *things*, with concrete objects, with segregated phenomena. Though we perceive the flow of evolution, it is in the manner of the cinematograph, which produces apparent movement by rapidly superimposing a series of motionless figures. Science chops up reality into little blocks, which it then treats as separate entities. It is willing to chop ever finer, as the refinement of its methods increases; but always, of necessity, it deals with "things" or "phenomena." Now, says Bergson, all this is inevitable and desirable, equally from the nature of man and the necessities of his existence. We have no quarrel with science or with mechanism, except to this extent: that we must insist that they represent only one way, and that a specialized way, of determining truth. Man is the outcome of a long evolutional history, in

*Creative Evolution. By Henri Bergson. Translated by Arthur Mitchell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

which he has become what he is, not only by developing greatly in certain directions, but also by throwing many things overboard. The apparatus with which we judge the universe was not designed, as it were, for that purpose, but for a comparatively restricted and special one. Our master key, as we have supposed it, will not open every door. Little reflection, and a very moderate knowledge of animal life, suffices to convince us of the truth of this contention; but the question naturally arises, what can we do about it? Made as we are, we must be what we are, and the intellect cannot transcend itself. Bergson escapes from this impotent conclusion by considering that, after all, we are not purely intellectual beings. In a study of comparative psychology, it appears that intellect and instinct are not stages of one and the same thing, but different things. The beginnings of instinct are scarcely to be distinguished from the ordinary life processes of the animals exhibiting them. They arise out of and are concurrent with those processes which are in fact continuous, not cut up into "phenomena" as we artificially see them in our laboratories. The outcome of instinct in its higher developments is *intuition*, which is regarded by Bergson not as a sort of incoherent intellectual phenomenon, but as something quite else, the fruition of another faculty. Of necessity guided in our thinking by our intellects, we possess at the same time the intuitive faculty, which is close to life and flows with it. Through it we may become conscious of truth which would never be apprehended by the intellect alone. Hence the paradox of life, the continually felt obligation to do and believe things which science and logic cannot justify. How large a part this non-intellectual element plays in our lives is evident when we think of the emotions which make life worth living. Bergson speculates on the possibility that there might have existed beings similar to ourselves, but almost or quite wholly guided by instinct or intuition; communities so constituted would certainly be more orderly and contented, as witness the ants. It is also questioned whether the two faculties might have been equally highly developed, but it is suggested that the great advancement of one necessitates the reduction of the other. It seems probable, however, that Bergson himself, in the course of his argument, does not adequately appreciate the refinements of the intuitional side of our being, owing to the fact that the other aspect lends itself so much better to discussion. The treatment itself being intellectual, that faculty obscures the other, even during the process of attempting to show that it should not do so.

Reality flows, and hence through intuition we come nearer to it than by our intellectual processes, which cut it up into blocks, and then attempt to piece it together again. Hence *feeling* arises superior to *thinking*. This flow of being is real time or duration. The mechanistic conception, that of modern physics and mathematics, destroys time by positing everything at once. Rigidly applied, it gives us a universe ready-made in every detail from the start. It matters not if that part of the arrangement which we place in the future is hidden from us, the picture is all there ready to be unrolled, and a sufficiently powerful intellect might perceive it all at once. Time thus becomes simply another dimension of an unchangeable and rigid universe. As Sir George Darwin once suggested, it is simply a matter of the higher mathematics to foretell all of the future. Against all this, Bergson brings forward the luminous idea that life embodies in its present the whole of its past, or at least is conditioned by it, and flows on to a future which is unpredictable because essentially new. This idea cannot be applied rigidly, for the reason that living beings themselves consist of "matter," which behaves as non-living matter may. The point may be illustrated, however, by comparing, let us say, oneself with a piece of iron. The iron may yesterday have existed in iron sulphate, the day before in carbonate, and so on through all possible combinations, but to-day it is simply iron, without anything to show that it was not always thus. It has thus no real history; its past has no grip upon it. With myself I feel it to be quite otherwise. The sorrows and joys, successes and failures of my past life are stamped upon my being; so also are the vicissitudes of my ancestors through millions of years of evolution. The evolutionary process has *not*, it seems, merely been a shuffling of the cards — it has been a continuous flow, possessing "real duration," conditioned by its past, yet new as well as old at every moment of its history. Life is thus to be compared, not with specific objects or substances in the inanimate world, but rather with the whole universe itself.

Intuitively, we feel all this. Gaze upon a beautiful picture, fresh from the hand of the artist. Science tells us that there is nothing new. Every particle consists of substances which existed before the picture was dreamed of; all that has happened is that they have been

newly arranged. Yet we know, beyond question, we see that which never existed before from the beginning of time; we do *not* believe that the picture was postulated in the primeval mind, was part of a ready-made scheme of things, simply waiting to be brought to our attention. All this, indeed, without in the least denying the conclusions of the intellect, so far as they are entitled to go, but demanding to be freed from the rigid fatalism which must result from applying them to the realities of life itself.

Bergson, therefore, has grappled with the real problem of the universe, and has tried to give us a body of truth capable of serving the needs of all our faculties. In the very nature of the case, he could not wholly succeed, but those who know his work feel more and more that he has really let in a ray of light, in the beneficent beams of which many things are sure to grow and fructify. At the very least, he has stimulated much thought, and given pleasure to many. Although not immediately concerned with the practical outcome of it all in the work before us, he hints that the new attitude may well have its fruits in conduct. Thus:

"We see that the intellect, so skillful in dealing with the inert, is awkward the moment it touches the living. Whether it wants to treat the life of the body or the life of the mind, it proceeds with the rigor, the stiffness and the brutality of an instrument not designed for such use. The history of hygiene or of pedagogy teaches us much in this matter. When we think of the cardinal, urgent and constant need we have to preserve our bodies and to raise our souls, of the special facilities given to each of us, in this field, to experiment continually on ourselves and on others, of the palpable injury by which the wrongness of a medical or pedagogical practise is both made manifest and punished at once, we are amazed at the stupidity and especially at the persistence of errors. We may easily find their origin in the natural obstinacy with which we treat the living like the lifeless, and think all reality, however fluid, under the form of the sharply defined solid. We are at ease only in the discontinuous, in the immobile, in the dead. *The intellect is characterised by a natural inability to comprehend life*" (p. 165).

And again:

"Human intelligence, as we represent it, is not at all what Plato taught in the allegory of the cave. Its function is not to look at passing shadows nor yet to turn itself round and contemplate the glaring sun. It has something else to do. Harnessed, like yoked oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles and joints, the weight of the plow and the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we are acting, to come into touch with reality and even to live it, but only in the measure in which it concerns the work that is being accomplished and the furrow that is being plowed, such is the function of human intelligence" (p. 191).

In this brief summary we have noted imperfectly only some of the principal aspects of Bergson's philosophy; whole sections of it are left without consideration. In particular the very interesting discussion of the actual course of plant and animal evolution should be widely read, even by those who do not care for the strictly philosophical parts of the book. Many things, not actually in the work, are suggested by it; thus a treatment of history from the Bergsonian point of view. In discussing scientific activity, I think it could be shown that whereas the operations and results of science are intellectual, the mainspring of scientific activity is instinctive or intuitional. The scientific man lives more in reality than Bergson perhaps allows, but his wares, when baked and ready for the market, are concrete things. In closing, I will permit myself one more quotation.

"Life is tendency, and the essence of a tendency is to develop in the form of a sheaf, creating by its very growth divergent directions among which its impetus is divided. This we observe in ourselves, in the evolution of that special tendency which we call our character. Each of us, glancing back over his history, will find that his child-personality, though indivisible, united in itself divers persons, which could remain blended just because they were in their nascent state: this indecision, so charged with promise, is one of the greatest charms of childhood. But these interwoven personalities become incompatible in course of growth, and, as each of us can live but one life, a choice must perforce be made. We choose in reality without ceasing; without ceasing, also, we abandon many things. The route we pursue is in time strewn with the remains of all that we began to be, of all that we might have become. But nature, which has at command an incalculable number of lives, is in no wise bound to make such sacrifices. She preserves the different tendencies that have bifurcated with their growth. She creates with them diverging series of species that will evolve separately" (p. 99).

T. D. A. Cockerell.

An Eighteenth-Century Patron of Science.*

The history of science in England furnishes a long list of men of large private fortunes who have devoted their lives to the advancement of knowledge. In no other country has the *Privatgelehrte* been so great a national asset. Sir Joseph Banks occupies a prominent place in the ranks of these worthies. Born in 1743, he early displayed a taste for natural science in all its fields. This first found expression in local collecting excursions, particularly botanical. Banks first came into real prominence in the

*The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society. With Notices of his Friends and Contemporaries. By Edward Smith, F.R.H.S. New York: John Lane Co.

scientific world in 1768, when he accompanied Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook on his first voyage. His connection with this voyage was characteristic of all his subsequent career. His position was that of the wealthy patron, keenly interested in scientific discovery, but with an interest tending rather toward that of the *dilettante* than of the professional. The lavish scale on which he felt it necessary to embark upon a scientific project is indicated in the following statement of his part in the Cook voyage:

"Banks's preparations for his voyage were made on a most ample, not to say extravagant, scale. No expense was spared. The staff included John Reynolds, Sydney Parkinson, and Alexander Buchan, artists; Henry Sporing, assistant draughtsman; James Roberts and Peter Briscoe, servants from Revesby; and two negro servants. Besides these was Daniel Carl Solander, whose acquaintance Banks had made in the preceding year. His status was perhaps that of friend and guest."

This was certainly a formidable retinue. Upon his return from this voyage, Banks was much lionized, both in the scientific and social worlds. At this time began a friendship with George III. which afterward became intimate, and which had the indirect effect of materially aiding the progress of science in England. On all matters in any way relating to science, the king sought and (usually) followed the advice of Banks. In 1778 came the crowning event of Sir Joseph's career, his election to the presidency of the Royal Society. This position he held for forty years, and then only relinquished it because of decidedly failing powers.

In those days, to be President of the Royal Society was to be officially the leading man of science of the world. Everyone who had made, or supposed he had made, a discovery, or who had some scientific project to promote, communicated his results or plans to the President of the "Royal," who in turn laid the matter before the Fellows. Banks was one who evidently enjoyed most keenly the prestige and power associated with this position. That he administered the office in a manner and with a spirit at times decidedly dictatorial, is equally certain; though his biographer is at great pains to excuse or defend this attitude. Evidence of the fact is clear both in Sir Joseph's own correspondence, and in the accounts, brief though they are, of the intense if unsuccessful opposition which developed against him within the society at various times in his career as President. This "high and mighty" manner, taken with the fact that his part in science was that of the patron rather than of the productive investigator, subjected Banks to a deal of very keen and often bitter satire. To be sure, no person of prominence in the world of that day could expect to escape the attacks of the satirist and lampooner. But Banks received rather more of such attentions than could fairly be expected from a purely random distribution. A fair sample of these shafts of caricature is an epigram written by the Rev. Thomas John Hussey on a pair of busts which adorned the walls of the Royal Society Hall. This ran as follows:

"I think I've seen these things look very small:
I've seen a mouse in honest Cluny's stall,
I've seen a flea upon a lion's hide,
And Banks's Bust with Newton's side by side."

The career of Banks illustrates in a striking and complete way that fame which rests on anything other than solid achievement is a very fleeting sort of thing. A hundred years ago he was certainly one of the leading figures in the scientific world, and very much in the public eye generally. A man of great public spirit, he was identified in one way or another with practically every noteworthy movement of his day, whether social, scientific, political, or what not. The organization of voyages of discovery, the founding of Australia, the inauguration of learned societies, the settlement of the international status of Iceland, with its resulting stimulation of the national life of that unfortunate country — in all these things, and many more of nearly equal importance, Sir Joseph Banks played some part, and in most instances a rather significant one. Yet to-day he is practically forgotten. It is doubtful if more than one professional scientist in ten of the present day (with the possible exception of the English) would be able to tell off-hand who Sir Joseph Banks was. Yet every sophomore chemistry student knows something about a Dr. Joseph Priestley who in his day was a very minor figure in comparison with Banks.

A word must be said in praise of the way the story of an interesting life is told. From rather meagre documentary material, the author makes a decidedly entertaining book. It successfully meets the highest test of biographical writing, that of making the subject "*live* again" as a real human being in the mind of the reader; though the impression on the mind of the careful reader as to some points in Banks's character will probably not be just that which the author intended to leave. But perfectly unbiassed biography would be rather dull reading in most instances.

RAYMOND PEARL.

Briefs on New Books.

Thackeray in intimate letters to his kinsfolk.

Not the least enjoyable souvenir of this Thackeray centennial year comes from the Riverside Press in the shape of a limited edition of "Some Familiar Letters of W. M. Thackeray, together with Recollections by his Kinswoman, Blanche Warre Cornish" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The book is printed on Alton hand-made paper in clear type of the Baskerville pattern, and neatly bound in hand-made paper boards, stamped with Thackeray's monogram. An unfamiliar but unmistakable portrait of the novelist by Richard Doyle appears as frontispiece, being reproduced from the original in the British Museum. The degree of Mrs. Cornish's kinship to Thackeray appears from her reference to "my grandmother, Mrs. Ritchie, who was the great novelist's aunt." In other words, Blanche Ritchie was the daughter of Thackeray's first cousin, William Ritchie, Advocate-General, with a large practice at the Calcutta bar. Her preliminary and interspersed comments and explanations add much to the interest of this hitherto unpublished collection of family letters from her illustrious kinsman. In her early recollection he was in personal appearance, "very fresh, very wise-looking behind his spectacles, very attractive with his thick curling hair and rosy cheeks. There was an element of mystery about him fascinating even to childhood. He always seemed alone. He had just been in America. He was on his way to Rome. He was meteoric. He was exceedingly sad and silent. He was wondrously droll. Above all, he was kind." Not exactly sad is the vein in which he writes to that little girl's father, in 1856, from Edinburgh, where he is evidently giving readings: "My orations is a great success here, and I am coining money at present at the rate of about half an Advocate-General, say 5 or £600 a month. I get £600 for my next book. Cock a doodle doo! The family is looking up, isn't it?" The book gives us near views of Thackeray's home-life from his marriage to his death, and is redolent of the man and author at his best and brightest.

The diversions of a playful essayist.

The genialty and originality of Mr. E. V. Lucas have nowhere displayed themselves more agreeably than in his latest volume of essays, sketches, and whimsicalities, entitled "Old Lamps for New" (Macmillan). The note of cleverness is struck in the very first paper, which describes a supposed visit to a "school for sympathy," where the pupils are taught kind-heartedness and mutual helpfulness by becoming themselves, each for a day at a time, the victims of sundry forms of disablement that can be harmlessly simulated for the occasion. The sad fate of the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, and other unfortunates, is thus brought vividly within the children's comprehension. Other chapters have to do with pet dogs, art criticism and art history, divers sorts of real or imaginary incidents, passages of biography, and other miscellaneous matters capable of brief and witty or brief and wise treatment. Dialogue, too, of the bright sort familiar to readers of "Mr. Ingleside" and "Over Bemerton's," enlivens an occasional chapter. Felicities of style and adroitness of phrase are not wanting. Single words also are used with an alert sense of their real meaning, as is exemplified in the opening paragraph of a delightful essay "On Leaving One's Beat," which begins: "When I am going for a long railway journey I always buy a number of papers associated with walks of life as far as possible removed from my own. Then the time passes easily. The ordinary papers one reads too quickly; the exorbitant require attention — they open the door to new worlds." A timely article entitled "Thoughts on Tan" tells how to gain the credit of having had a long vacation in the country (by the use of "Sunbronze" at so much the bottle), and also how to acquire other forms of credit at a cheap rate. The book is well up to Mr. Lucas's high standard.

White House affairs under ten presidents.

Colonel William Henry Crook, bodyguard to Lincoln, and subsequently disbursing officer at the White House, has probably seen more of the home-life of our presidents and their families than any other person now living. His "Memories of the White House" (Little, Brown & Co.), compiled from his diaries by Mr. Henry Rood, and fully illustrated, is packed with entertaining incidents and anecdotes picturing the personal peculiarities and family life of the presidents from Lincoln to Roosevelt. It is the finer and nobler qualities of these men that impressed him, and his book, while throwing new light on many public characters, does so with due restraint. Its intimate glimpses of men who have made history are thoroughly enjoyable; nor are the ladies and children of the White House slighted. One is glad to note at the very outset that the writer quite clears himself from any share of blame for the admission of the assassin Booth to Lincoln's box at Ford's Theatre on the fatal night; he was off duty on that occasion. In an earlier work (mention of which seems to be avoided in the present volume), compiled by another hand and entitled "Through Five Administrations: Reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook," the same sources have been drawn upon as in the "Memories," but only to the close of Arthur's administration. Actual repetition has been skilfully avoided, but some slight discrepancies in statement of fact do occur in the two works, — as, for instance, in the date of the writer's entrance on his duties at the White House, the date of the first formal reception of that year, the breakfast hour of the Lincolns, and similar details that might, one would think, just as well have been made to agree in the two narratives, especially as it is impressed on the reader that the notes from which these details are drawn were taken down with care and fulness. Unnecessary misspellings of proper names occur now and then. Marshal Lamon of the earlier book

appears as "Lammon" in the later; and one of President Garfield's sons is incorrectly referred to as "Irving" Garfield. It is for its later chapters that the book is especially welcome, as a supplement to its predecessor. Those who have read instalments of these reminiscences in various periodicals will be glad to see them collected and enlarged, in handsome and serviceable form.

Recollections of American society a half-century ago.

Packed with memories of ante-bellum days in New York, Washington, and elsewhere, and with a truly amazing variety of details as to the family history and genealogy, joys and sorrows, ups and downs, of a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, Mrs. Samuel L. Gouverneur's autobiographical volume, "As I Remember" (Appleton), is a veritable treasure-house for those who delight to recall the America of sixty or seventy years ago, its social celebrities and society usages, its methods and manners, and the thousand and one episodes and incidents that make up the author's "Recollections of American Society in the Nineteenth Century." Mrs. Gouverneur congratulates herself on having been born in the one most desirable spot on the whole terrestrial globe — near the village of Jamaica, on the south shore of Long Island, in an old-fashioned farm-house purchased from "Citizen" Genet, the first Minister of France to this country, by Captain John Hazard, Revolutionary hero and maternal grandfather of Marian Campbell (the author of this book), who was the daughter of Judge James Campbell and afterward the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, Jr., a grandson, on his mother's side, of President Monroe. The capacity and tenacity of Mrs. Gouverneur's memory are remarkable. Occasional errors of statement could hardly be avoided in so extended a survey of the past, and some bias or prejudice here and there is almost necessary to give spice to the personal reminiscences; but few will quarrel with the author on the score of inaccuracy or unfairness in her bright and sunny pages, the faithful mirror, we doubt not, of her own pleasing personality. An interesting portrait of her in her later years faces the title-page, and likenesses of friends and kindred illustrate the successive chapters.

The symbolism of Maeterlinck.

Slender in more than one sense is the little volume by Mr. Henry Rose entitled "Maeterlinck's Symbolism: The Blue Bird and Other Essays" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The chapters on "The Blue Bird" have at least the merit of novelty; the bird is, as most readers believe, a symbol of happiness, but it is primarily a symbol of "celestial truth," a conclusion reached by the aid of Swedenborg, for without a knowledge of the Science of Correspondences, the author asserts, parts of the play are meaningless. "Celestial truth," the real theme of the play, is by consequence the central theme of these chapters; on this peg Mr. Rose ingeniously if not convincingly manages to hang all the ancillary symbols and ideas of the play. The "Other Essays" include, first, a study of the optimism of Browning as manifested in "Pippa Passes"—an attack on the baneful "*laissez-faire* views in religion" that disciples of Browning are addicted to, followed by an exposition of Browning's actual meaning; and, secondly, a chapter on "The Musical Mind: A Study in Social Harmonies," in which the author asserts that Dante, Shakespeare, Dryden, Tennyson, Adelaide Proctor, and others, were imbued with "the coöperative idea" and reform purposes; in short, if we read aright, with an active humanitarianism. No part of the book impresses one with Mr. Rose's accuracy and profundity. The "Blue Bird" chapters are vitiated by a misquotation from Wordsworth that is attributed to Tennyson; the Browning chapter sets forth, in lieu of wrong interpretations, others that are quite as dubious; and the closing chapter, on "The Musical Mind," is scrappy, haphazard, and, in the last analysis, utterly pointless. It is obvious that the "Other Essays" were better omitted. The Maeterlinck chapters, however, are at least worth attention.

Correspondence of a leader in the Revolution.

The first volume of the "Letters of Richard Henry Lee," collected and edited by Dr. James Curtis Ballagh, Associate Professor of American History in the Johns Hopkins University, comes to us from the Macmillan press. As Lee served for a time as President of the Continental Congress, and was the mover of the various resolutions providing for the Declaration of Independence, for alliances with foreign powers, and for a plan of confederation for the Colonies, he exercised a powerful influence over the course of events during the Revolutionary period, and his letters are naturally of prime historical value. Dr. Ballagh's statement that of about five hundred letters which he has collected more than half have never before been printed, demonstrates in itself the great importance of the publication. Of course, a great deal of it is unpleasant reading. No one who has ever penetrated a little way into the inside of our Revolutionary history has failed to discover that beneath the dominant current of patriotic heroism and self-sacrifice there was ever a muddy under-tow of selfishness, slander, jealousy, corruption, and inefficiency, dragging in the opposite direction; and Lee had to fight with these untoward forces at home almost as continually as with the recognized enemy. About half the collection is embraced in the present volume, which begins with the summer of 1762 and closes with the end of 1778. It hardly needs to be said that the modern ideas of editorial faithfulness to the text and freedom from undue assumption are rigidly adhered to. Dr. Ballagh does not assume to decide absolutely the meaning of "supyly," but merely suggests in a footnote that it "is *probably* a misprint for *supply*." The probability is distinctly heightened by the fact that the word "supply" is the only thing which will give sense in the context.

The problems of minds diseased.

There are few topics of general interest, both in principle and in their varied practical applications, so difficult to present in popular form as that attempted by Dr. T. S. Clouston in his treatise on "Unsoundness of Mind" (Dutton). The technical aspects of diagnosis, classification, description, and treatment are couched in deterrent terms; while the empirical nature of clinical insight leaves the lay mind adrift as to the sound basis or real import of the many varieties of unsound minds. So far as covering the ground in readable form, and offering a survey that must leave the attentive reader with a much more satisfactory impression and understanding of mental alienation than that he set out with, the book is a creditable and a useful contribution. There seem to be two dominant plans of popularization in regard to the mooted questions of sanity and insanity. The one proceeds upon the general equipment of technical insight to present and enforce principles and their applications to the personal and social regulation of undesirable forms of mentality; it aims to illuminate, to enthuse, to interpret, to provide the spirit of application. The other accepts the clinical interest as dominant, and remains closely in the descriptive stage; it recounts, explains, advises, relates, differentiates, informs. Dr. Clouston's book is of the latter type. The works of Maudsley, still most useful, accomplished the former task to a former generation. Each type of work has its merits. There is at present a large opportunity for a renascence of the former interest, which, after all, is the intelligent general interest in the problems of unsoundness of mind.

Team-work in Social Science.

Sociology occupies a somewhat indeterminate territory bounded by the ever-shifting borders of its sister sciences, and doubts have been raised as to its precise rights and status. Professor Albion Small, in "The Meaning of Social Science" (University of Chicago Press), asserts his belief in the validity of sociology as a science; but he has little faith in it as a field for specialization. All specialized science, he claims, "inevitably passes into a stage of uncorrelated scientific piece-work." He makes, therefore, the fundamental claim for sociology that, ideally, it unifies the data of history, economics, biology, and the other special sciences; that its fundamental assertion must be to the effect that "knowledge of human experience cannot at last be many; in the degree in which it approaches reality, it must be one knowledge." In other words, the psychology of a given people at a given time is not one study, their economic history another study, and the theology of their clime and day a third and unrelated study, but each bears upon the other. "The part that one of these factors plays at a given moment is a function of the operation of all the other factors at the same time." To deal with human experience in this universal way, "team-work" is necessary. Professor Small imagines a coöperative institute of scientists, each member of which would pursue the answer to some question of human experience through his own special science, but all the members would use in their problems the factors of each other's results. Sociology, as the result of their labors, Dr. Small regards as a field for the humanist rather than for the scientific student; as the only field, indeed, wherein human life may be studied rationally in all its phases and relations.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Under the general title of "The Modern Travel Series," Messrs. Scribner are issuing cheap editions of a number of standard books of travel and description. The first three titles in this series are as follows: "Links in My Life on Land and Sea," by Commander J. W. Gambier, R. N.; "In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country," by Mr. A. B. Lloyd; and "Siberia: A Record of Travel, Climbing, and Exploration," by Mr. Samuel Turner. The volumes are fully illustrated, and sold at a low price.

A fourth edition, practically rewritten, has been issued of Dr. Jonathan Nield's "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" (Putnam). Practically all historical novels in the English language, or which have been translated into English, are classified in this work according to the period with which they deal. The record of each book includes its publishers in England and America and its subject, and books suitable for young people are so marked. The volume is provided with an index of authors and titles.

From the John Lane Co. comes a volume on "The Early Christians in Rome," by Dr. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, Dean of Gloucester and Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy. One finds in it a large amount of important historical material, but rigid compression and careful arrangement might have given it all at much less cost of time to the busy reader. A too elaborate structure of Books, Parts, and Chapters gives rather a disintegrating effect to the eye, an impression only too closely in harmony with a lack of proper continuity in the text itself. Unstinted commendation must be given, however, to the full and intelligently constructed index, a virtue which one does not often have the chance to praise.

"A Study in Southern Poetry" (Neale), by the North Carolina lyrist, Henry Jerome Stockard, is not, as its title would indicate, a treatise on the poetry of the South, but primarily an anthology; for the critical and interpretative material which it contains is both slight and of negligible value. Mr. Stockard's gifts as editor are by no means comparable to his inspiration as poet. The volume is, nevertheless, superior in some respects to other similar collections of Southern verse — of which there are now a full half-dozen; it is very well proportioned, and it exhibits an altogether admirable choice of items. A special feature of the book is the large number of contemporary poets represented, which include A. C. Gordon, Will Henry Thompson, Samuel Minturn Peck, William Hamilton Hayne, Frank L. Stanton, Benjamin Sledd, Madison Cawein, Walter Malone, Virginia Frazer Boyle, Olive Tilford Dargan, and the anthologist himself. Among noteworthy omissions are Mrs. Danske Dandridge, Mr. Cale Young Rice, and the earlier poets Meek and Lamar.

Notes.

A biography of Cardinal Gibbons, prepared by Mr. Allen S. Will of the Baltimore "Sun," is announced for early publication by the John Murphy Co.

Another of Mr. Clarence Hawkes's interesting animal stories is soon to appear. It will be called "King of the Thundering Herd," and is the story of an American bison.

Mrs. Sarah P. McL. Greene, who wrote "Cape Cod Folks," has completed her new story, "The Long Green Road," which will soon be published by the Baker & Taylor Co.

"The Garden of Resurrection: Being the Love Story of an Ugly Man," is the full title of Mr. E. Temple Thurston's forthcoming novel, to be published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

Mr. Ian Hay, the young Scotchman who made a name for himself two years ago with "The Right Stuff," has written a new novel for Fall publication, entitled "The Safety Match."

"The Inside of the Cup" is now definitely announced as the title of Mr. Winston Churchill's forthcoming novel. Its scenes are laid in a great city of the Middle West, at the present day.

More of Jean-Christophe's adventures are soon to appear in a volume entitled "Jean-Christophe in Paris," recounting the adventures of M. Rolland's musical hero after his flight to the French capital.

Volumes on William Lloyd Garrison and Ulysses S. Grant, written respectively by Mr. Lindsay Swift and Mr. Franklin S. Edmonds, will soon be added to Messrs. Jacobs's "American Crisis Biographies."

Dr. William E. B. Du Bois, author of "The Souls of Black Folk," has ready for early publication through Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. a novel of negro life, to be entitled "The Quest of the Silver Fleece."

Two books of unusual importance in the field of economics soon to be issued by the Macmillan Co. are Professor F. W. Taussig's "Principles of Economics" and Miss Ida M. Tarbell's study of "The Tariff in Our Times."

"The House of Life" (Dutton) is a little book of lines written by Mr. Harold Johnson as interpretations of the symbolical paintings of G. F. Watts. The text is accompanied by reproductions of the pictures, to the number of more than a score.

"Peter and Wendy" is the title of Mr. J. M. Barrie's forthcoming story, which the Messrs. Scribner will publish in this country. Lovers of "Peter Pan" scarcely need to be told that it has to do with the two principal characters of that perennial favorite.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has written a novel — a sort of travesty or parody — which he is calling "Zuleika Dobson," and which is said to be as unlike the novels of contemporary novelists as his caricatures are unlike the drawings of other contemporary caricaturists.

General Funston's "Memories of Two Wars" and Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Recollections, Grave and Gay," two autobiographies of widely different character, which have been appearing in "Scribner's Magazine" during the past few months, are soon to be issued in book form by Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard's "dream story" entitled "The Mahatma and the Hare," soon to be issued by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., will display this writer in a new vein. A strong humanitarian appeal is said to underlie this touching story of a hare and its life in a hunting preserve.

Two books on New York's greatest thoroughfare are promised for Autumn publication. One is Mr. J. B. Kerfoot's "Broadway," for which Mr. Lester G. Hornby has made forty-three illustrations; the other is by Mr. Stephen Jenkins, and bears the title, "The Greatest Street in the World."

"The Collected Papers of Frederick William Maitland," edited by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, will be published in three volumes by the Messrs. Putnam, acting as agents for the Cambridge University Press. The chief value of the collection will, of course, be found in the papers dealing with legal history.

Mr. Montrose J. Moses, the New York dramatic critic, has for many years been engaged in collecting material regarding American dramatists and their work. He has now prepared for Autumn publication a book entitled "The American Dramatist," which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will publish.

"The American Jewish Year Book" for 5672, published by the Jewish Publication Society of America, is edited, as before, by Mr. Herbert Friedenwald. Its principal feature this year is a discussion of the Passport Question in its latest phases. Most of the lists given in former volumes are here continued.

Lovers of Whistler will be glad to know that a new edition, in a single volume, of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's life of the artist, published three years ago, is soon to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Co. A large amount of new material will be embodied in the new edition, and it is to be fully illustrated.

"The Leaves of the Tree" is the title of the new volume by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, which the Putnams will publish this month. In it Mr. Benson presents biographical sketches and appreciations of certain distinguished men, each one of whom, through his life, his character, his works, and above all through personal contact, has exercised a constructive influence upon the author of "The Upton Letters" and "The Silent Isle."

One of the few remaining private presses is the Cuala Press of Dublin, Ireland, where Miss Elizabeth Yeats prints limited editions of books by her brother, W. B. Yeats, and other Irish writers. Mr. Mitchell Kennerley has arranged to import a few copies of each new Cuala Press book as it appears, and has now ready "J. M. Synge and the Ireland of his Time" by Mr. Yeats. A new volume of poems by the same author will also be issued shortly.

The new and revised edition of "The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas," which the Century Co. will issue this Autumn, will appear in twelve volumes, instead of ten as before. The paper used for the work is the result of much experimenting. India paper for a dictionary, the leaves of which must be turned over very rapidly, seemed out of the question, but there has been produced for this edition a thin, opaque paper which prints cuts well and is strong and durable.

Early in October, a sociological work entitled "The Camel and the Needle's Eye," by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., will be issued by the Ball Publishing Company. The author was formerly private secretary to Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman. The same firm will also issue an edition of the "Kasidah of Haji Abdu El-

Yezdi, translated and annotated by his friend and pupil, F. B." The initials "F. B." cloak the identity of Sir Richard Burton, best known as the translator of "The Arabian Nights."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

October, 1911.

American Securities in Europe. J. E. Dunning. *No. Amer.*
America's Most Perfect Thing. M'C. Sykes. *Everybody's.*
Andaman Native Life. F. Taylor. *Century.*
Antiquity of Man. F. A. Lucas. *Century.*
Agrippina, Mother of Nero. G. Ferrero. *Century.*
Archæology, Function of. A. L. Frothingham. *No. Amer.*
Boy-Raising Bulletins. W. A. McKeever. *World's Work.*
Boy Scouts of America. Dan Beard. *Review of Reviews.*
Capitol, U. S., Stories of. C. F. Cavanagh. *Bookman.*
Cavour's Last Victory. W. Roscoe Thayer. *Atlantic.*
Charity, Organized, in U. S. Jacob A. Riis. *Scribner.*
Christian Endeavor Society. F. E. Clark. *Century.*
Cities, Awakening of. Henry Oyen. *World's Work.*
City of the Royal Pavilion, The. W. D. Howells. *No. Amer.*
Cleveland's Administrations. J. Ford Rhodes. *Scribner.*
Commission Government. William Daly, Jr. *Everybody's.*
Commune, Life in the. Mme. de H.-Lindencrone. *Harper.*
Competition, The New. Arthur J. Eddy. *World's Work.*
Dames, A Battle-Royal of. A. H. Wharton. *Lippincott.*
Domestic Science. Mary L. Harkness. *Atlantic.*
Drama League of America. C. Hamilton. *Bookman.*
Education of Daughters, The. Helen H. Wilson. *Harper.*
Federalism in Canada and U. S. A. J. Beveridge. *Rev. of Revs.*
Gardening in Town. Frances Duncan. *Century.*
Gaskell, Mrs., Lights on. Ellery Kelvin. *Bookman.*
Grant's Letters to General Beale. *Scribner.*
Hamburg and Its Harbor. Ralph D. Paine. *Scribner.*
Horse Show, The Greatest. E. S. Nadal. *Scribner.*
Horses, Nevada Outlaw. Rufus Steele. *American.*
Humanity, Quest for Happy. F. Van Eeden. *World's Work.*
Human Misfits. Woods Hutchinson. *Everybody's.*
Incomes from Fiction. Edna Kenton. *Bookman.*
Individual, The. Samuel P. Orth. *North American.*
Industrial Courts. Helen L. Sumner. *Review of Reviews.*
Industrial Diseases. Paul S. Pierce. *North American.*
Insurgent Sunday-School, The. George Creel. *Everybody's.*
Intercollegiate Debating. R. L. Lyman. *Century.*
Irish National Drama. J. E. Hoare. *North American.*
Jewish Life in Russia. Mary Antin. *Atlantic.*
La Follette's Autobiography. *American.*
Labor Leader's Own Story. Henry White. *World's Work.*
Lawns as Theatres. Katharine C. Budd. *World's Work.*
Lee, Spiritual Life of. G. Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic.*
Libel in England and America. W. J. Gaynor. *Century.*
Liszt, Franz. James Huneker. *Scribner.*
Luther, Martin. A. C. McGiffert. *Century.*
McCutcheon, George Barr. F. T. Cooper. *Bookman.*
Manuscripts, Why Rejected. G. J. Nathan. *Bookman.*
Ministry, Overcrowding in. G. P. Atwater. *Atlantic.*
Morocco, French Conquest of. C. W. Furlong. *World's Work.*
Motor Wagon Economy. Walter Wardrop. *Rev. of Revs.*
Musical Indigestion. Robert H. Schauffler. *Atlantic.*
New York: City of Towers. M. Stapley. *Harper.*
New York's Municipal Music. Arthur Farwell. *Rev. of Revs.*
"Old Masters" to Order. *American.*
Panama, Opportunities in. Forbes Lindsay. *Lippincott.*
Phillipses, The: Father and Son. W. G. Beymer. *Harper.*
Portrait Painter, A Great English. G. Bradford, Jr. *No. Amer.*
Print-Collecting. F. Weitenkampf. *Scribner.*
Prohibited Books, Index of. Calvin Winter. *Bookman.*
Public Ownership. Sydney Brooks. *North American.*
Representative or Direct Government. S. W. McCall. *Atlantic.*
Rio Negro, Tracking Up. Caspar Whitney. *Harper.*
Roman Art Exposition, 1911. H. S. Morris. *Century.*
Shakespeare's Henry VIII. on the Stage. W. Winter. *Century.*
South, The, Realizing Itself. Edwin Mims. *World's Work.*
Spanish-American War. Rear-Admiral Luce. *No. American.*
Strikes, True Stories of. Mary Field. *American.*
Swiss Family Robinson. R. B. Glaenzer. *Bookman.*
Taxation and Natural Law. J. B. Clark. *Atlantic.*
Tuxedo Park. Emily Post. *Century.*
Veto, Before and After the. Edward Porritt. *No. American.*
Welfare War, The. Robert W. Bruère. *Harper.*
Wells, H. G., An Appreciation of. Mary Austin. *American.*
Wiley and Pure Food. A. W. Dunn. *World's Work.*
Wilson, Woodrow. W. B. Hale. *World's Work.*
Woman, Sacrifice of. Hugh Johnson. *Everybody's.*

Announcements of Fall Books.

The length of The Dial's annual list of books announced for Fall publication, contained in our last (Sept. 16) issue, made it necessary to carry over to the present number the following entries, comprising the full Educational and Juvenile announcements of the season.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, by T. G. Hun and C. R. MacInnes.—Initiative, Referendum, and Recall Documents, by Charles A. Beard and Birl E. Schultz.—Readings on Parties and Elections in the United States, by Chester Lloyd Jones.—The Principles of Insurance, by W. F. Gephart.—Social Pathology, by Samuel G. Smith.—Anthropology, by Dr. Heinrich Schurtz, trans. by Franz Boas.—Text-Book of Physics, by L. B. Spinney.—Text-Book of the Principles of Physics, by Alfred Daniell, revised and enlarged edition.—Elements of Electrical Transmission, by Olin J. Ferguson.—Storage Batteries, by Harry W. Morse.—Alternating Currents and Alternating Current Machinery, by Dugald C. Jackson and John Price Jackson.—Revolving Vectors, by George W. Patterson.—Modern Science Reader, with special reference to chemistry, by R. M. Bird.—Principles of Human Nutrition, by W. H. Jordan.—Methods of Organic Analysis, by Henry C. Sherman, new and revised edition.—The Theory and Practice of Technical Writing, by Samuel C. Earle.—Sentences and their Elements, by Samuel C. Earle.—Descriptive Writing, by Evelyn May Albright.—Expository Writing, by Maurice G. Fulton.—A Course in Public Speaking, by I. L. Winter.—The Poems of Chaucer, edited by Oliver Farrar Emerson.—Molière's Les Femmes Savantes, edited by Murry P. Brush.—Livy, Book XXI. and Selections, edited by James C. Egbert.—A History of the Ancient World, by George Willis Botsford, $1.50 net.—Introduction to General Science, with Experiments, by Percy E. Rowell.—An Applied Arithmetic for Secondary Schools, by Ernest L. Thurston.—Applied Biology, by Maurice A. Bigelow and Anna N. Bigelow.—Chemistry, an elementary text-book, by William Conger Morgan and James H. Lyman.—Macmillan's Pocket Classics, new vols.: David Copperfield, edited by Edwin Fairley, 2 vols.; Milton's Comus, Lycidas, and Other Poems, and Matthew Arnold's Address on Milton, edited by Samuel E. Allen; More's Utopia, edited by William D. Armes; Pope's Iliad, edited by Charles Elbert Rhodes; Pope's Odyssey, edited by Edgar S. Shumway and Waldo Shumway; Tennyson's Idylls of the King, edited by Charles W. French; Tennyson's In Memoriam, edited by J. W. Pearce.—Poems Required for College Entrance, edited by Robert P. St. John; Selected Poems, for required reading in secondary schools, edited by H. W. Boynton.—Beginnings in Agriculture, by A. R. Mann, 75 cts. net.—Pupils' Arithmetic, by James C. Byrnes, Julia Richman and John S. Roberts, Book Five.—The American School Readers, by Kate F. Oswell and C. B. Gilbert.—World Geography, by Ralph S. Tarr and Frank M. McMurry.—The Continents and Their People, by James Franklin Chamberlain and Arthur Henry Chamberlain, Vol. II., Europe.—English for Foreigners, by Anna Prior and Anna I. Ryan. (Macmillan Co.)

The New Europe, 1789-1889, by Reginald W. Jeffery, with maps, $2.50 net.—Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642, by Felix E. Schelling, students' edition, 2 vols., $3.50 net.—The Tudor Drama, by C. F. Tucker Brooke, $1.50 net.—The Rhetorical Principles of

Narrative Composition, by Carroll Lewis Moxey.—Essentials of Exposition and Argumentation, by William T. Foster.—Secondary School English, by W. F. Webster.—The Individual in the Making, by E. A. Kirkpatrick, $1.25 net.—Readings in English Prose Writers of the Eighteenth Century.—The Dallas Lore Sharp Nature Series, Book I., The Fall of the Year.—Old World Hero Stories, by Eva M. Tappan, 85 cts. net.—History of the United States, by Reuben Gold Thwaites and C. N. Kendall.—First Year in Numbers, by Franklin S. Hoyt and Harriet E. Peet.—The Riverside Third Reader, edited by J. H. Van Sickle and W. Seegmiller, 50 cts. net.—Riverside Literature Series, new vols.: A Dickens Reader, edited by E. M. Power, illus., 60 cts. net; Goethe's Faust, Part I., translated by Bayard Taylor, 75 cts. net; Cooper's The Spy, edited by Charles Swain Thomas, 45 cts. net; The Story of a Bad Boy, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, illus., 50 cts. net; Being a Boy, by Charles Dudley Warner, illus., 40 cts. net; Polly Oliver's Problem, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, illus., 40 cts. net; Milton's Education, Aereopagitica, and Other Essays, edited by Laura E. Lockwood; Romeo and Juliet, edited by William Strunk, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The Elements of Physiological Psychology, by George Trumbull Ladd, illus., $4. net.—Government in State and Nation, by J. A. James and A. H. Sanford, $1. net.—Max Walter's French Lessons, 75 cts. net.—Max Walter's German Lessons, 85 cts. net.—The Wealth of the World's Waste Places, by J. C. Gilson and Jacques W. Redways.—A Practical Primary Arithmetic, by M. C. S. Noble and Mrs. F. L. Stevens, 35 cts. net.—The Morey Arithmetic, by Charles W. Morey, in 5 books.—Scribner English Classics Series, new volumes: Select Poems of Byron, edited by W. D. Howe; Macauley's Lays of Ancient Rome, edited by A. Beatty; each 25 cts. net.—Commercial Geography, by Jacques W. Redway, revised edition, $1.25. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Elements of English Grammar, by A. E. Sharp, $1.—An Elementary Grammar of the Italian Language, by A. Marinoni, 90 cts.—English for Italians, by Edith Waller, $1.—An Italian Reader, revised with rewritten vocabulary by A. Marinoni.—Helps for the Study of French, by E. F. Maloubier and J. H. Moore.—Exercises in French Sounds, by Philip H. Churchman.—Atala, by F. de Chateaubriand, with introduction, notes, and vocabulary by Dr. T. J. Cloran.—Un Bal Masque, a play for schools, by Mlle. Jeane Charbonnieras.—Hulchof's Manual for Teaching German in Elementary Schools. (Wm. R. Jenkins Co.)

American History, by David Saville Muzzey.—European Beginnings of American History, by Alice M. Atkinson.—The Seven Champions of Christendom, by Agnes R. Matthews.—The Essentials of Greek Syntax, by Charles Christopher Mierow. (Ginn & Co.)

New Composition and Rhetoric for Schools, by Robert Herrick and L. T. Damon, revision by L. T. Damon, $1.—The Oregon Trail, by Francis Parkman, edited for school use by W. MacDonald, 40 cts. (Scott, Foresman & Co.)

Lyrica Historica, poems of British history, A. D. 61-1910, selected by M. E. Windsor and J. Turrall, 50 cts. net.—Thackeray's Virginians, with introduction by George Saintsbury and notes by J. L. Robertson, illus., $1.40 net.—Mediæval Europe, 1095-1254, by Kenneth Bell, $1.10 net.—Oxford Plain Texts, new volumes: Shakespeare's Hamlet, Tempest, and Coriolanus, each 20 cts. net.—Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul, by T. Rice Holmes, second edition, revised, $7.75. (Oxford University Press.)

Principles of Physics, by William Magie, $2.50 net.—A Laboratory Outline of Organic Chemistry, by Lander W. Jones, $1.20 net. (Century Co.)

Our Country and Its People, by W. S. Monroe and Anna Buckbee, illus., 40 cts. (Harper & Brothers.)

Commercial Arithmetic, by Gustavus S. Kimball. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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